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POEMS

DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL;

CONSISTING OF

IMITATIONS,	PASTORALS,
TRANSLATIONS,	NARRATIONS;

Various Reflections on the Beauties of Nature, &c.

By T. MAY.

HENLEY:

PRINTED BY AND FOR THE AUTHOR;

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PASTORALS,

IN IMITATION OF

AND

TRANSLATIONS FROM

VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

☞ The Reader will pleaſe to remember that the following Attempts were never compared with any of the juſtly celebated Tranſlations of this Author; they were written, while a Lad at School, from no other Motive than a Deſire to improve in the Language, and the Pleaſure of imitating ſo agreeable a Writer, of whom he had then no Tranſlation.

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POEMS, &c.

PASTORAL I.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S EIGHTH ECLOGUE.

DAMON AND DAPHNIS.

OF Damon and of Daphnis, ſhepherd ſwains,
The numbers, muſe! record in ſylvan ſtrains;
How Damon firſt, with Niſa's beauty fir'd,
Forſook the fold, and to the grove retir'd.

Scarce had Aurora brought the morning light,
And chas'd away the devious gloom of night,
When mournful Damon, from his ruſtic bed,
Roſe, ſighing deep; and far from home was led
Into a diſtant wood; while love's corroſive cares
Sore rack'd his mind, and bred perpetual fears.

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In grief immers'd, and thoughtleſs of his flock,
(While his ſad heart fell diſappointment broke)
Thus, leaning gainſt a tree, the ſhepherd ſpoke.

DAMON.

Thou laſt bright ſtar! that mounts th' ethereal way,
Oh Lucifer! drive on the lingering day,
While I complain to all the gods above,
Myſelf deluded by fair Niſa's love.
Begin, my pipe, the ſoft Mænalian ſtrain;
Niſa I ſought, but ſought, alas! in vain.
Ye ſolemn powers, who rule and govern love,
And all who fear the wrath of angry Jove,
With every whiſpering grove, and purling ſtream,
Collective with the rural gods, by name
Pan, Faun, and Bacchus; all ye nymphs give ear,
And kind, regard an injur'd lover's prayer.
Begin, my pipe, the ſoft Mænalian ſtrain;
Niſa I ſought, but ſought, alas! in vain.
Mopſus! receive thy due; to thee ſhe's given;
Such the decree of over-ruling Heaven.
Mopſus! now light the nuptial torch, and go
In peace, perhaps, majeſtically ſlow.
Niſa me ſcorn'd, becauſe my beard was long,
My eye-brows thick, unſkill'd in paſt'ral ſong;
Untrain'd

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Untrain'd to ſtrike the lyre, or blow the flute,
Or to the tuneful reeds mellifluent numbers ſuit.
My ſolemn vows ſhe treats with proud diſdain,
Mocks when I ſigh, and ſmiles at all my pain.
Begin, my pipe, the ſoft Mænalian ſtrain;
Niſa I fought, but fought, alas! in vain.
How oft with thee, pleas'd, in my tender years,
Have I, through perils, gather'd our ſweet pears!
'Twas then that lovely form I ſaw, and pin'd;
How gaz'd the ſoul! what frenzy rapt my mind!
Nor of the whip, nor frequent threats afraid,
I at your feet the hard earn'd preſent laid.
If ſhe but wiſh'd, preventing Damon flew;
All toil was pleaſure, and all bliſs was woe,
Rather than her approving ſmiles forego.
The ſavage wolf flies from the bleating lamb,
The roving tyger from the pregnant dam;
And now ſhall oaks robuſt bear golden fruit,
Griffons and horſes (different natures) ſuit!
Begin, my pipe, the ſoft Mænalian ſtrain;
Niſa I fought, but fought, alas! in vain.
The alder here emits the violet,
And ſhrubs with amber now begin to ſweat.
Shall owls contend with ſwans in lofty rhime?
And bards untaught, celeſtial muſic chime?

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Obſerve the change; a latitude unknown!
Pain words creates, to dreſs each fault'ring groan,
And hapleſs love prepares a mournful tone.
Could I, like Orpheus, call the dancing woods!
Or, like Arion, rouſe the deepeſt floods!
Now ceaſe, my pipe, the ſoft Mænalian ſtrain,
Niſa I ſought, but ſought, alas! in vain;
Forlorn I breathe, a wretched, mournful ſwain.
Thus Damon.—Next, O muſe! repeat the ſong
And ſoft complaints of fair Aluca's ſon;
A fearleſs ſhepherd, whilom blithe and young.

DAPHNIS.

O thou, the lucid glory of the ſkies!
Incline thine ear, and heed thy ſuppliant's cries;
Conſider and avenge a ſhepherd's cauſe,
And deeply ponder love's unequal laws.
Ye heavens! ye ſtars! and elements of fire!
Compleat my joy, and grant my heart's deſire.
Ye woods! ye groves! and ever murm'ring ſprings!
Regard your poet when in ſongs he ſings.
Ye pendent rocks! reverberating ſeas!
Now crown your Daphnis with the laurel bays:
Perhaps you'll not refuſe your ſuppliant this;
But oh! I aſk, yet aſk in vain for bliſs;
Speed fair Belinda to her lover's arms;
Belinda come! with all thoſe pleaſing charms.

Ye

Ye powers who rule the golden realms above,
And all who fear the wrath of angry Jove,
With pity view the ſorrows of my breaſt,
A troubled ocean, never more at reſt!
Ye mighty gods! to whom of right belongs
The nameleſs beauties of celeſtial ſongs,
Who, free from envy, o'er our plains preſide,
Direct our counſels and our labours guide,
Say, why to me is every hope deny'd?
Ye nymphs and fauns! thou pow'r from whence
began
Each ſoothing art, and ſoft harmonious ſtrain,
Hail, ſylvan god! propitious, ſmiling Pan!
Pan loves the country, and our flocks he feeds;
Pan taught to join with wax harmonious reeds.
Ye winds and waves conſpire to find my joy,
Nor ſcorn the numbers of an hapleſs boy:
Speed fair Belinda to her lover's arms;
Belinda come with all thoſe pleaſing charms!
How long will ſhe deſpiſe her weeping lord,
Nor one kind ſmile for all his tears afford?
Hail blooming fair! regard a lover's pain,
Nor blaſt thy ſhepherd's hopes with proud diſdain.
Ye lucid fountains, ſpeed Belinda home,
Though ſhe o'er Lybian ſands ſhould unattended
roam.

Ye

Ye nine celeſtial ſiſters! aid my ſtrain;
Let vows and pray'rs to mortals ſpeak my pain.
If you can tell what 'tis to cheriſh love,
Fail not the virgin's ſtubborn heart to move.
But now I ceaſe; my ſoul forego to pine;
Time calls to labour; daily toils are mine;
To tend the flock, or prune the curling vine.
Adieu, ye muſes! here ſuſpend the ſtrain,
Slights, tears and vows, ſighs, frowns and proud diſdain.
Oh ſpeed Belinda to her lover's arms;
Belinda comes; a blooming heaven of charms!

Æt. 13.

A TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE.

Attempted in the ſame Number of Lines as the Original.

MELIBÆUS.

OH Tityrus! reclin'd beneath a beech,
On a ſoft pipe you chant the ſylvan ſtrain;
Our country's bounds, and much lov'd plains we leave;
Our country fly; at eaſe beneath the ſhade,
The woods you teach fair Amaryllis' name.

TITYRUS.

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TITYRUS.

A god this before, Melibœus, gave.
By me a god he always shall be deem'd;
And oft a lamb, cull'd from my flock, shall stain
His altar. He first gave my kine to rove,
Me on the reed to tune my favourite lays.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not, but rather would admire;
Oe'r all the country round confusion spreads.
Lo! sick I drive my kids, and this scarce drag,
Which midst the tangling hazles late brought forth
Two twins, hope of my flock! but, ah! expos'd
To rugged flints. This evil (had my mind
Been not averse) the rending oaks foretold,
And from the hollow holm th' ill-boding crow
Predicted. But declare who is that god.

TITYRUS.

The city they call Rome, poor fool! I thought
A town like our's, where oft we shepherds us'd
To drive the tender offspring of our flock.
Thus whelps like dogs; kids like their dams, I knew;
And great with small compar'd. But she as far
O'er other cities rais'd her towring head,
As the tall cypress tops the pliant shrub.

MELIBŒUS,

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MELIBÆUS.

And what important cause had you at Rome?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, though late, my stupid sloth beheld;
What time the razor mow'd my grizly beard,
Yet she regarded, and at length arriv'd,
Since Amaryllis charms, and Galatea flies.
I own, while Galatea rul'd my heart,
Nor freedom's hope, nor care for wealth had I.
Though many a victim thinn'd my lessning fold,
And cheese for that ungrateful town was press'd,
Yet ne'er my hand return'd with brass replete.

MELIBÆUS.

I wonder'd why with tears you heaven implorid,
Oh Amaryllis! and for whom you will'd
Th'ungather'd fruit to hang; thy swain was gone.
Thee, Tityrus, the pines and fountains, and
These very woods, invited to return.

TITYRUS.

What could I do, by servitude detain'd?
Nor elsewhere so propitious seem'd the gods.
Here, Melibæus, first that youth I saw

To

To whom for twice ſix days our altars ſmoke.
Here firſt to me a ſuppliant, he reply'd,
Swains, feed as once your oxen; yoke your bulls.

MELIBOEUS.

Oh fortunate old man! henceforth thy fields,
For thee enough, remain, though naked ſtones,
And marſhy rushes choke the paſture lands;
No foreign food thy teeming ewes ſhall hurt,
Nor near contagious evils thine infect.
Here 'mongſt the well known ſtreams and ſacred founts
Mayſt thou the cool delightful ſhade enjoy!
And lo! yon willow hedge thy paſture's bounds,
Whoſe fragrant flowers Sicilian bees explore,
Shall with ſoft murmurs frequent ſleep invite,
And from the ſteep the prumer's voice reſound.
Nor ſhall the hoarſe wood-pigeons, your delight,
Nor from th' aerial elm the turtle ceaſe to coo.

TITYRUS.

Sooner ſhall nimble ſtags in æther feed,
And ſeas leave naked fiſhes on the ſhore;
Sooner, both realms travers'd, the exil'd Parthian drink

The

The Arar's flood, the German Tigris' ſtream,
Than from my breaſt his image ſhall decay.

MELIBÆUS.

But we far hence to Afric parch'd muſt go,
Some Scythian wilds explore, or ſwift Oaxes' ſtream,
And Britian, wholly from the world disjoin'd.
Oh! when ſhall I, a length of years elaps'd,
My country's bounds, my turf-crown'd cottage, poor,
My ſmall domains, with admiration ſee?
Theſe cultur'd lands ſhall impious ſoldiers claim?
My corn, the ruffian? To what woes hath war
Us wretched ſwains reduc'd! for whom we toil?—
Graft, Melibæ, thy pears; in order range the vine;
Depart, once happy flock; my kids, depart;
No more may I, in ſome green cave reclin'd,
You pendent from the brambly rock behold.
No ſtrains I'll chant; round me my kids no more
Can bitter willows crop, and flow'ry ſhrubs.

TITYRUS.

This night, at leaſt, with me, on verdant leaves
May you repoſe; ripe apples we'll ſupply,
Soft cheſnuts, and of curds a copious ſtore.
Behold from far the village chimneys ſmoke,
And lengthning ſhadows from the mountains fall.

Æt. 13.

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A TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE.

The poet applies the prophecy of the Cumean Sybil concerning our Saviour, to the Son of C. A. Pollio.

SICILIAN Muſes! gain a loftier ſtrain;
The woods and lowly ſhrubs delight not all,
Nor does the Tam'riſk. If we ſing the woods,
The woods are worthy of a conſul's ear.
Now comes the final age, long ſince foretold
In the Cumean Sybil's ſacred ſtrains;
And time's vaſt ſeries now revolves again;
The Virgin and Saturnian days return;
From Heaven deſcends a recent progeny.
Do thou, oh chaſte Lucina! at the birth
Of him propitious prove, by whom at firſt
The iron age ſhall ceaſe, and o'er the world
A golden one ſhall riſe. Apollo reigns.
While thou art conſul, Pollio! ſhall commence
This boaſt of ages, and the mighty months
Begin to roll. Beneath thy auſpices,
If any footſteps of our guilt remain,
Remov'd, they'll free the world from laſting fear.
He'll lead the life of gods, and ſhall behold
The heroes ſocial with celeſtial powers,

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And he himſelf by them in Heaven be ſeen.
He with his father's virtues will controul
The peaceful world. But, firſt, of culture void,
An early preſent ſhall the earth produce;
The creeping ivy with the ladies glove
Shall every where ſpring forth; Egyptian beans
And gay Acanthus clothe the fruitful ſoil.
With udders fraught with milk, the goats come home;
Nor ſhall our herds enormous lions fear.
For thee even cradles pleaſing flowers ſhall pour;
The ſerpent then, and ev'ry pois'nous herb
Shall ſurely die; th' Aſſyrian ſpikenard grow
In every ſoil. But when thou canſt peruſe
The praiſe of heroes, and thy father's deeds,
And know what virtue means, then ſhall the fields,
A gradual growth, with yellow harveſt teem,
And midſt uncultur'd thorns the bluſhing grape
Shall hang, and oaks with dewy honey ſweat.
Some veſtiges of fraud will then remain;
The merchant thence ſhall paſs the treach'rous deep,
And men with walls extenſive towns ſecure,
Or round the ramparts dig a trench profound.
Another Tiphys and an Argo ſtrong
Shall bear ſelected heroes o'er the main;
And other wars ſhall be; again to Troy

Some

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Some great Achilles, ſtern in wrath be ſent.
Then, after ripen'd age hath made thee man,
The dauntleſs ſailor ſhall renounce the ſea
Nor ſhips commercial change the wealth of realms.
In every land will all things grateful grow;
No more the harrow tear the patient ſoil,
Nor luſcious vines require a pruner's knife.
The ſturdy plowman ſhall unyoke his bulls,
And wool no more with various dies deceive.
Amid his flow'ry paſtures, then the ram
Shall with bright gloſſy purple, and the gay
Refulgent ſaffron of the marigold,
His fleece delightful tinge; and ſcarlet rich
The grazing lambs ſpontaneous then will clothe.
The Parcæ, joining with the nod of fate,
Have to their ſpindles ſaid, Oh come ſuch times;
Aſſume great honours; now the æra dawns;
Bright race of gods, the vaſt increaſe of Jove!
Behold the world nods with a convex weight;
This earth, the tract of ocean, and the vaſt
Profundity of heaven;—behold how all,
Rejoice at the approaching golden age.
Oh may the lateſt part of ſo long life
Remain to me, and breath as may ſuffice,
To ſing thy deeds. Not in harmonious ſtrains
The Thracian bard or Linus ſhould excell,

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Though one his mother, and his father one
Should deign to aid; to Orpheus Calliopea
And fair Apollo teach his Linus verſe.
If Pan himſelf with me ſhould dare contend,
Judged by Arcadia, Pan himſelf ſhould yield.
Arcadia, judge; begin, ſweet babe, to know
Thy mother by a ſmile; for full ten months
Long ſickly qualms thy tender parent bore.
Begin, ſweet boy; on whom parental love
Has never ſmil'd, nor deigns a god him to
Receive at table, nor a goddeſs on the couch.

Æt. 13.

PASTORAL II.

CONON, THE DESERTED WARRIOR;

OR,

MILITARY GLORY TRIUMPHANT OVER AN INGLORIOUS PASSION.

This Paſtoral was written after reading Virgil's Tenth Eclogue, of which it is a remote Imitation.

ERATO, who of all the Muſes nine
Art the moſt fatal, aid in this deſign,
To ſing of love. Be this the laſt I ſing;
What Muſe to Conon can deny the theme?

Yet

Yet ſuch an one as may fair Sylvia read,
And, form'd to pity, deign t'incline her head.
While friſking goats ſhall crop the tender thyme,
Let us in Conon's favour make a rhyme.
What thick ſet woods detain'd you from the ſight
Of Conon, when he mourn'd his fair delight?
Who left the hero and refus'd his love
And ſcorn'd thoſe ſighs which flinty rocks might move?

First, rough Sylvanus check'd his mournful ſtrain,
And ſtrove with healing words to ſoothe his pain;
For treacherous Sylvia follow'd one whoſe arms
Had brought no honour, and who fear'd alarms.

Laſt in the train appears the god of day,
His might the bow and feather'd ſhafts diſplay;
With aſpect calm, the radiant power began,
And thus in martial ſtrains addreſs'd the godlike man.

Oh Conon! grace once more the duſty field,
Nor let thy ſoul to love's ſoft paſſion yield.
Say, ſhall a woman's ſmiles unman thy mind?
Endure with patience what juſt heaven deſign'd.
Wilt thou unknown, in foreign regions mourn,
Becauſe untoward Sylvia won't return?

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Haſte! bid a long farewel to all thoſe cares;
Men rouſe to action in their country's wars.
That courage which hath foil'd the braveſt foes,
Muſt now repel th' influx of nameleſs woes.
A ſcene of arms becomes a martial race;
Scorn mean diſguſt and ſoar above diſgrace;
Then ſhall a coward ſhare thy matchleſs fame,
Whoſe mighty deeds have gain'd a laſting name.
Fly from this deſert, court the ſanguine field,
Array'd in mail, diſplay thy various ſhield.
Illuſtrious leader of th' Athenian line,
Once more in brazen arms refulgent ſhine;
Riſe in thy wrath, and vanquiſh all who dare,
Reſiſt thy progreſs through the mingled war;
Reſt not content with ſloth, to ſorrow loſt,
While heaving groans reſound from ev'ry coaſt.
Vindictive hero draw that conquering ſword,
And move ſuperior to thoſe ſcenes abhor'd.
Shall wars ſtern chieftain brook this mean diſguiſe?
That martial boſom heave with amorous ſighs?
And briny tears flow trickling from thine eyes?
Can tears avail? Athenian, brave and ſtrong,
What power impels the tide of grief ſo long?
Go forth to action; reaſſume thine arms;
Diſdain to weep, nor yield to female charms,

If

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If honour fails to move a ſoul ſo baſe,
And glorious worth can cheriſh mean diſgrace,
Yet may your country and your parents dear
Perſuade their hero to command in war!—

Then Conon, ſighing, with majeſtic grace,
(While tears ſucceeding tears, roll down his manly face,)
In broken accents, thus, (oh! piercing to obey
The ſtern beheſts of the bright god of day:)
'Tis true, fair Sylvia ſlights my conſtant love,
Which to avenge, I call on gods above;
But let falſe Sylvia through vaſt deſerts go,
Or traverſe rugged hills, o'ertopp'd with ſnow.
What if ſhe trace the cold Sarmatian land?
There, cruel froſt ſhall ſpare her tender hand.
Ye powers! who rule the world, and heaven above,
Be witneſs, if I ever fail to love;
Protect our Sylvia with ſuperior might;
She ſoftneſs claims, thoſe charms which muſt delight.
Can I, deep plung'd in abſolute deſpair,
The painful burden of a general bear?
The woods and purling ſtreams are my retreat;
I crave releaſe from every glorious feat.
No more we thunder round the ſanguine plain,
And drive through ſeas of blood, o'er hills of ſlain;

No more I raiſe aloft my flaming ſhield,
Nor lead our warriors to the duſty field;
My days ſhall waſte in ſolitary moan,
In groves, near fountains, ſorrowful, alone.
Are then the bold Athenians plung'd in war?
Do hoſtile troops their fertile meadows ſhare?
That my vindictive arm they would regain;
Say, can the martial trumpet ſoothe my pain?
Can glory give me joy? a mortal man!
In vain we covet life beyond the deſtin'd ſpan.
Would reaſon rouſe my ſoul to dire alarms?
A ſlave to love, and blooming Sylvia's charms.
Can friends or honour ſpeed me to the war?
No! Sylvia claims my moſt diſtinguiſh'd care.

To whom, Apollo, thus, incens'd, reply'd:
Oh think how oft to heaven haſt thou apply'd,
And claim'd compaſſion from the powers above,
Becauſe once ſlighted by falſe Sylvia's love!
The ſacred mandates of th' ethereal king,
And gods conven'd, to mortal ears I bring.
Dare you reſiſt the great eternal will,
And ſcorn the powers on the Olympian hill?
Ceaſe to provoke th' almighty father's rage,
With whom, in vain, the gods combin'd engage.

Attend

Attend the ſtern decree; receive advice;
Let docile wiſdom hence direct your choice.
The king of heaven will crown his hero's days
With graceful laurels and immortal praiſe;
He wills to raiſe your glory to the ſkies;
Hear, and obey; behold the matchleſs prize;
Haſte to the field at Jove's ſupreme command,
Or fell deſtruction waits thy native land.
See where yon eagle mounts th' expanded ſkies,
With fan-like talons, and indignant eyes;
Hence timely know, unleſs thou ſoon wilt turn,
The dreadful wrath of Jove begins to burn.

Here Conon interpos'd:—We change our mind,
And will that noble part by heaven deſign'd;
The ſanguine field of death once more I claim,
And yield my actions to the voice of fame;
Th' inſulting foe ſhall then with ſorrow find
My ſpirit acts untam'd, though Sylvia prove unkind.
This arm, once rais'd, ſhall cruſh to ſhades below
The beſt, the nobleſt chief, that moves my foe.
Ye bold invaders of th' Athenian power,
Me ſhall you feel in that tremendous hour,
When by our jav'lin ſlain, the wiſe and brave,
And trembling coward, find an equal grave;
Athenian cares ſhall reſt on me alone;
Th' indignant waves beneath my navy groan;

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My deep'ning phalanx in the crimſon field
Shall force the haughty Spartan pow'r to yield.
In me let martial conduct always ſhine,
Undaunted courage, clemency divine.
Adieu ye woods, and ſolitary moan!
Heaven wills,—I rouſe—declare your Conon's gone;
Lead on Apollo, and we ſtay for none.

Æt. 13.

PASTORAL III.

THYRSIS;

OR,

THE ABSENT DESPONDING LOVER.

WHAT time the cuckoo from the woodland maze
The wiſh'd return of vernal airs diſplays,
As walking penſive, in the breath of morn,
I trod the pearly, dew-beſprinkled lawn,
To ears intent, a lover's ſighs were borne.
Thus mournful Thyrſis to the verdant plains,
The purling ſtreams, and whiſp'ring groves complains.

THYRSIS,

THYRSIS.

Hail ſpring ethereal! fraught with gay delight,
Whoſe ſtriking verdure charms the raviſh'd ſight.
'Tis thine to pleaſe, when Sol protracts the day,
And ſporting lambs around the meadows play,
Or crop the tender graſs, at eaſe reclin'd,
When cooling zephyrs gently move the wind.
Or ſhall my feet proceed acroſs the lawn,
Where joyful birds ſalute the op'ning dawn?
And chant the notes of love from every ſpray;
Melodious prologue to the riſing day!
Be this my grateful taſk; remote from men
My ſearching eyes the plains around ſhall ken,
And traverſe various walks, intent on thought,
While to my mind fair ſcenes of bliſs are brought,
And pleaſures once admir'd, and deem'd divine,
When ſhe could every lover's heart refine,
Renown'd Selima, graceful, and benign.
Lo! active fancy all her form pourtrays,
While every accent ſpeaks unheeded praiſe,
And celebrates that worth, in whom are join'd
Each grace of perſon, and the gentleſt mind;
Her aſpect meek, her ſoul ſerenely gay;
A juſt reſerve and air her charms diſplay.

But far from hence the penſive virgin flies,
Chears other lands, and brightens other ſkies,

While

While here forlook, bewilder'd, and alone,
Beside the limpid stream, I pour my ceaseless moan,
And musing, tread those once frequented plains,
O'er all whose pride fell disappointment reigns.

In vain for me the luscious nect'rine blows;
In vain expands the complicated rose;
The polyanthus smiles, and tempts my hand
Its velvet beauties from the ground to rend;
The primrose scented bank, where vi'lets blue
And yellow cowslips blend their varying hue,
No more can give delight; no more I feel
Relief salubrious from the flow'ry vale.

The slow meand'ring brook, and hoarse cascade,
The wood-crown'd hill, and spacious grassy mead,
But fan the flame of love; and to my mind
Those pleasing days recall,—Selima kind;—
When blest'd with her, beneath yon hazel shade,
My flute the shepherd's rustic tale display'd,
And durst presume, in unavailing lays,
To chant the fair one's ill-attempted praise;
When from her lips I heard the words of truth,
Such wisdom charm'd me in such blooming youth.
Time was—'tis past—those scenes no more return;
With frequent sighs my soul for ever mourns,

Disconsolate,

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Diſconſolate and loſt. Could tears but flow—
But tears to ſome can no relief beſtow.
In vain we ſtrive to weep; thoſe eyeballs turn
Like iron globes, or folds of ſtubborn horn;
While deep within the manſion of my ſoul
The poignant ſeeds of laſting anguiſh roll.
How ſtrong reflection amplifies my woes!
And every ſcene the depth of ſorrow ſhows!
Black melancholy ſpreads her wings around,
And hapleſs ſchemes this lab'ring mind confound.
Such toils await. Lo! many leagues apart,
Roves the lov'd object of my fonder heart;
Far hence ſhe goes; the conſcious vallies ſmile,
And plent'ous crops enrich her native iſle;
The ſun reſplendent ſhines; the moon by night
To conſtant lovers lends her welcome light,
And with benigneſt radiance mounts the ſkies,
When the Cærulean opes a thouſand eyes.

Amid the devious, ſympathetic grove,
The penſive ſwain ejects the ſigh of love.
Their queen confeſs'd the flow'ry nations greet,
And pour their fragrant tribute at her feet.
Vaſt ranging herds the green-clad valley fill,
And flocks, wide-ſpread, adorn each graſſy hill.

In

In ſmooth, ſucceſſive, labyrinthal maze,
And ſerpentine, the ſhining river ſtrays
To claim her kind regard. All Nature ſtrives,
And ſpring prolific every ſhrub revives.
The playſome kid may dance, lambs nip the graſs,
While fleeting hours in gay ſucceſſion paſs;
The browzing goat, unſtinted, crops the thyme,
Or up the flow'ry ſteep delights to climb;
The ſtately ſwan ſails garrulous and gay,
And all his motions graceful pride diſplay,
Pleas'd with the cryſtal brook. Each bird his mate
Enamour'd finds, and hails his bliſsful ſtate.
Thus all creation round can feel delight,
Bleſs'd in their kind, and happy in their might;
While I bewilder'd rove from place to place,
And every former haunt and winding alley trace.
To ſorrow's gloomy train abandon'd, now
Muſt Thyrſis every pleaſing theme forego,
And drink a large, and bitter draught of woe.
When painful abſence wounds the lover's breaſt,
Grief damps his joy, and mourning breaks his reſt.

No more the ſhepherd ſaid; intent on love,
With all the powers of nature Thyrſis ſtrove;
A gloomy ſadneſs cloth'd his low'ring brow;
His eyes were fix'd; his motions quick and ſlow;

A melancholy

A melancholy abſence held his mind,
His quiv'ring lips dropt ſentences disjoin'd;
Pale livid cheeks the ſemblance bore of guilt;
Such was the pain the love-ſick ſhepherd felt;
So deep the ſhafts of Venus pierc'd his heart,
The ſoul immortal trembled with the ſmart.

Such is the pow'r of paſſion, ſuch of love,
When reaſon fails our better ſenſe to move.
Taught by this long deſcriptive tale, beware
T' imbibe the glances of th' angelic fair.

PASTORAL IV.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S THIRD ECLOGUE.

LYCIDAS, AMYNTAS, PALÆMON.

LYCIDAS.

SOHO! to whom belong thoſe wand'ring ſheep?

AMYNTAS.

Egon's they are; he gave them me to keep.

LYCIDAS.

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LYCIDAS.

Ah! ragged sheep of an unhappy swain!
While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the damsel shall obtain.
Of streaming milk you rob the bleating lambs,
And of their food deprive the fleecy dams.

AMYNTAS.

Stop! not so fast! that hasty tongue restrain;
Dare you to meet my face, litigious swain!
Say, when you saw me do this shameful thing,
With errant lies you make the vallies ring.

LYCIDAS.

Did I not see thee, conscious, haste along?
And skulk behind an hedge, a thief, though young?
Hark! lo I challenge! satisfy the wrong;
The field of contest is a past'ral song.
The bard triumphant then shall claim a kid;
A shepherd's bett; thou coward don't forbid.
On well join'd reeds for glory we contend;
Palæmon comes, to both a generous friend,
A judge unbiass'd; justly he'll decree,
And give the best the palm of victory.

AMYNTAS.

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AMYNTAS.

A kid I dare not ſever from the fold;
Each night and morn their number muſt be told.
I have at home a ſire and ſtep-dame too,
Both count the flock, and what there is, they know.
But, oh! may heaven avert the laſting ſhame!
Brand, brand me not with that much hated name
A coward! rather let the earth divide,
And in it's womb my trembling members hide.
With thee I dare attempt harmonious rhyme,
With thee, I ſay, preſum'd in verſe the prime;
And on my part depoſit this carv'd bowl,
By all admir'd; my own without controul;
The labour'd work of fam'd Alcimedon,
A name to each Arcadian ſhepherd known.
Here nicely carv'd, refulgent cluſters ſhine,
But juſt exceeded by the natural vine,
There form'd with art, ſee creeping ivy twine,
And in the midſt, two images erect. Conon,
And what's his name? to diſtant nations known,
Who firſt this earth diſpos'd in various ſtates,
And pleas'd, at length his mighty taſk compleats;
Hence learn the time the verdant graſs to mow,
And when to join your oxen to the plough.

LYCIDAS.

T

LYCIDAS.

Amyntas, ceaſe! boaſt not of cups and ſong;
Two bowls are mine, made by Alcimedon,
With twiſted handles, exquiſitely wrought!
A laſting proof of labour and of thought.
See where, emboſs'd, melodious Orpheus ſtands,
And holds his harp divine in his celeſtial hands.
Lo! rabid wolves, and dancing woods around,
See ſavage nature tam'd, and court the pleaſing ſound.
My lips ne'er breath'd upon its poliſh'd edge;
Of hapleſs love, a monumental pledge!

AMYNTAS.

Anon, proceeed no more, the time delay;
Each ſhepherd's verſe, Palæmon! hear, we pray;
You well can judge, bleſs'd with a generous heart,
And wiſdom may th' immortal gods impart.

PALÆMON.

Begin the ſong, and ſeated on the ground,
Enjoy the fragrance wafted all around;
Unſparing bounty! mark the op'ning year,
While artleſs muſic ſhakes the waving air.
See goddeſs Flora, fair white-handed queen!
With every beauty paints the lovely ſcene,
The meadows various, and the trees with green.

Behold

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Behold the golden ſpring progreſſive roll,
And genial ſeeds unbind the mellow ſoil.
Begin Amyntas; in your turns go on,
As moſt conſiſtent with Apollo's ſong.

AMYNTAS.

Of Saturn's matchleſs ſon I claim the love;
With him begin; all nations worſhip Jove;
Hence waving crops enrich the fruitful plain,
Hence grows the verdant graſs, and ſwells the bearded grain.

LYCIDAS.

Not leſs Apollo claims the poet's praiſe;
Freſh warmth inſpires, and animates my lays;
To him, the patron of celeſtial ſong,
The charms of muſic and of verſe belong.

AMYNTAS.

Say ſhall Aſpaſia, that young playful girl,
At me, unmark'd, freſh gather'd apples hurl?
Then, while the red'ning bluſh her cheek oe'rſpreads,
As light'ning ſwift, towards the covert ſpeeds.

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LYCIDAS.

Hail, ſparkling Delia! bleſs'd with heavenly charms,
Whoſe every grace the coldeſt boſom warms;
Where Venus' beauty and Minerva's art,
To one, and ſhe alone, the gods impart.

AMYNTAS.

The black ey'd Phyllis hath poſeſs'd my heart;
She claims the whole, ador'd in every part;
But what, alas! to me, is fond deſire?
In vain my boſom feels love's active fire,
While modeſt Phyllis hides her charming face,
And ſcorns for ever man's deſigning race.

LYCIDAS.

Haſten, ye heavens! my much lov'd Delia home,
How long, ye gods! muſt ſhe far diſtant roam?
Behold the juicy pear, or downy peach,
What ever more her milk white hands can reach;
She unreſtrain'd ſhall eaſe the curling vine,
Would gentle Delia be for ever mine.

AMYNTAS.

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AMYNTAS.

Tell where and when we may the ſtars behold,
When up the vault of heaven the ſun hath roll'd,
If you, gay ſwain, can find the latent place,
And vers'd in ſcience, this ſtrange wonder trace;
If you, I ſay, th' enigma can explain,
A fine young heifer ſhall reward your pain.

LYCIDAS.

Come, dext'rous bard! a recent thought diſcloſe,
Say where a flow'r, for ſuch a flower there grows,
Which not unknown to every ſon of fame,
To this late age records a warrior's name;
Then may young Phyllis, graceful and benign,
Conſenting damſel! be for ever thine.

PALÆMON.

'Tis not with me, this conteſt to decide,
Alike have both in pleaſing numbers vied;
To each, unvanquiſh'd, I adjudge the prize;
Truth will I ſpeak, a ſtranger to diſguiſe;
Your fleecy flocks are ſatiate, count the lambs;
Make haſte my lads, and form the wonted dams.

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PASTORAL V.

PHYLLIS.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN INFANT.

ADDRESSED TO HER PARENTS.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S FIFTH ECLOGUE.

STREPHON AND NISA.

STREPHON.

HAIL, beauteous fair! may heaven my hopes ſucceed,
Would Niſa deign to take the paſtoral reed;
To pleaſing muſic chant the ſhepherd's ſong,
To loftier themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
This grateful ſhade invites the rural muſe,
Beneath this ample beech, my ſeat I chuſe,
Benign retreat! while up the vault of heaven,
The flaming courſers of the ſun are driven,
And to the reedy pool, or ſtanding lake,
Yon lowing herds the winding paſſage take.

NISA.

'Tis mine, gay youth! in melancholy ſtrains
To tune a mournful dirge around the plains;

Yon

Yon ancient beech records the luckleſs tale,
And tells the world whoſe fate my lines bewail;
The theme not leſs concerns thyſelf than me,
To both ally'd by conſanguinity.

STREPHON.

Say, charming maid! for Strephon longs to know
The ſecret cauſe of ſuch conſpicuous woe,
Why ſtands a lucid drop in both thine eyes?
Give me, with you, in pain to ſympathiſe.
Suſpence is torture; ſpeak thy mind at large;
Say, doth my fair forego her wonted charge?

NISA.

Ye woods and groves! by numbers vocal made,
Ye whiſp'ring holms, and every grateful ſhade,
With me lament the death of Phyllis dear,
Dear to her parents, and my only care;
My great concern. From food, ye herds! decline;
And ſympathiſe, ye rocks! in grief like mine.
Let paſſing waters now forget to flow,
And wand'ring ſtreams arreſted, ceaſe to go.
Sweet Phyllis dies, from tranſient ſcenes remov'd,
By all her neighbours and her kindred lov'd.

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Ye powers rever'd by Albion's healthful ſwains,
And all who paſs the deep, or tread the flow'ry plains,
My mournful muſe aſſiſt, and aid my dolorous ſtrains.

'Tis not for love, nor love's enchanting theme,
The patronage of every bard I claim.
Death ſtruck the darling object of my ſoul,
Her haſty flight my uncouth numbers dole.
Let harmleſs ſheep, and playſome kids deplore
Her fate, who ſmil'd when they approach'd her door.

Ye trees, bow down to earth your lofty heads,
Let gloomy ſorrow clothe the barren meads;
Intent to hear, let roving tygers ſtand,
And may the ſavage lynx his wrath ſuſpend;
Ye flow'rs forget to bloom, ye winds to blow,
And nature's works their wonted charms forego.
Soft Philomel! huſh'd be thy evening tale;
Henceforth the fate of innocence bewail;
'Tis thine, when ſilence holds the world below,
And groves reſponſive ſpeak the ſtrains of woe,
Alone, unſeen, to paſs the tedious night,
And mourn thy own hard caſe, remote from light.

No

No more my kids ſhall climb the pendent rock;
No more at eaſe I tend the bleating flock;
With pleaſure view them crop the tender graſs,
While fleeting hours in grateful tranſport paſs.
Farewell, ye priſtine ſcenes! no more for you
The noiſe of pomp, and ſplendor I eſchew;
Once more, ye fair engaging joys, adieu!—
But what can numbers? how ſhall words expreſs
The deep-felt woes of moſt profound diſtreſs?
When all the powers of eloquence are join'd,
Can language paint the feelings of the mind?
Grief once predominant, the boaſted pride
Of grand expreſſive figures muſt ſubſide:
Too big for utterance ſwells the painful heart,
While heaving groans more force than words impart.

STREPHON.

Thy ſtrains expreſſive, poteſs ſublime!
In all the varied guſts of ſorrow ſhine,
And far tranſcend each labour'd thought of mine,
As doth the pureſt gold mean braſs exceed,
Or as the pine excells the ſlender reed.

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Yet I my verſe alternate will ſupply,
And welcome Phyllis to th' ethereal ſky;
The much lov'd daughter of our common ſire,
Not leſs ſhould my reſponſive lays require.

NISA.

Can poets find a more delightful theme?
Can ought more juſtly Strephon's tribute claim?
Say can the firſt of noble ſubjects cloy,
An infant's entrance to the realms of joy?
Sure, ſhe's as worthy of a paſtoral ſong,
As of an epic, great Anchiſes' ſon.
Amyntas once thy grateful muſe could praiſe;
Who like Amyntas grac'd the laurel bays?

STREPHON.

Young Phyllis enters heaven's expanded gate,
And raptur'd feels her happineſs complete,
While golden planets roll beneath her feet.
She marks th' extent of heaven's auguſt abodes,
The di'mond manſions of ſeraphic gods!
The cryſtal pavement of th' empyrean court,
Where endleſs trains of wiſdom's ſons reſort!

Celeſtial

Celeſtial pow'rs! in each capacious mind,
The pearls of might and happineſs are join'd;
Where wiſdom, beauty, goodneſs, all combine,
An inexhauſted plenitude divine!
In their ſoft features ſweet complacence reigns,
And every look the pureſt love maintains.
More ſwift than thought, exalted angels fly
Acroſs the vaſt expanſion of the ſky,
Or ſoftly gliding, ſmiling, ſkim along
The ſtar-pav'd acceſs to th' eternal throne;
Or, where beneath their feet, enamouring ſcene!
Perpetual flow'rs in varied beauty ſpring,
And laſting verdure blooms; they ſpend their hours
In heaven's tranſcendent ſhades, or amaranthine bow'rs.
Since thus preferr'd in lucid robes of day,
Thrice happy Phyllis leaves terreſtial clay,
Decline to mourn. Ye humble vallies leap,
And may the doleful plains foreget to weep;
Salubrious nature yet again revive,
And vernal ſcenes in fair progreſſion thrive.
Again the bard ſhall court the whiſp'ring grove,
And fruitful fields repeat the voice of love.
Where limpid waters ſcoop the mellow ſoil,
Or hoarſe caſcades reverberating boil,

Be't

Be't mine once more, contemplative to walk,
And with calm ſolitude enraptur'd, talk.
Again the labourer mows the yielding graſs,
And through the curling crab the ſun ſhall paſs;
Refulgent Ceres ſhow'r her ſaffron grain,
And well-bound ſheaves adorn th'extenſive plain;
The purple grape ſhall grace the bending vine,
And loaded trees in gay profuſion ſhine.
Once more, delighted, in the ruſtling wood,
Of various birds the green obſcure abode,
May lovely Niſa far from towns retire,
And, loſt in thought, to heavenly themes aſpire;
Or more ſupine, and charm'd with grateful eaſe,
Of pendent fruit diveſt the nut-brown trees.
Again alternate, let harſh winter come,
And nature's beauties change their wonted bloom;
Th' arreſted ſtream in adamant confin'd,
Shall bear the ſporting boy, or vacant hind,
Through fields of æther fall the driving ſnow,
Till hoary garments clothe the vales below.

But longer far than men ſhall hunt the boar,
Or grim wild beaſts with tort'ring famine roar;
Than playſome fiſhes love the ſilver flood,
Or ſhaggy bears traverſe the gloomy wood;

Than

Than ranging bees explore the fav'ry thyme,
Or birds aſcend aërial heights ſublime,
Shall favour'd Phyllis reſt in heaven's abodes,
With ſaints converſe, and talk with demi-gods.

NISA.

Say what return can raptur'd Niſa give?
What preſent make, that Strephon will receive?
Sure not ſo grateful is the murm'ring ſpring,
The vales luxuriant, and the hills benign,
The moſt ſequeſtered cool ſerene retreat,
When gaping earth abides ſolſtitial heat,
As to my mind young Strephon's paſt'ral lays
In lovely Phyllis' never failing praiſe.

STREPHON.

Will blooming Niſa deign with grace benign
T' accept this fair compacted flute of mine?
To diſtant times fraternal love may ſhine.
Oft has this pipe my ruſtic thoughts diſclos'd;
Once the reward of paſtoral ſtrains propos'd.

NISA.

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NISA.

A mean return, thoſe reeds will I reſign;
Henceforth, kind bard, are they for ever thine;
Fram'd by Palæmon, poor unhappy ſwain,
Who fair Narciſſa woo'd, but woo'd in vain!

Æt. 14.

☞ The preceding Paſtorals were written before the Writer had read any Thing on that Subject, except what he has here attempted to imitate.

TRANSLATIONS

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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HORACE.

ODE XXII. BOOK I.

THAT CONSCIOUS INNOCENCE RAISETH A MAN ABOVE FEAR.

IF Innocence the mind poſſeſs,
From all tranſgreſſion freed,
The poiſon'd arrow, nor the bow,
Our hands ſhall never need.

If ſome inhoſpitable ſhore
We tread, ſecure of harm,
Or ſandy Syrtes dare explore,
Or croſs Hydaſpes' ſtream;

Though

Though realms unknown, or barren climes,
Or mountains interpoſe;
Yet there, juſt heaven will ſuch protect,
And ſave from various woes.

A wolf, but in the Sabine wood,
While Lalagé I ſing,
And careleſs rove beyond my bounds,
Fled me; an harmleſs thing.

Such monſters, Daunia does not breed
Amid her ample groves;
Nor Afric, nurſe of lions, feed
When man the deſart roves.

Place me in fields devoid of corn,
Where grows no verdant tree,
Where clouds and tempeſts raiſe a ſtorm,
Or ſpread mortality;

Though juſt beneath bright Phœbus' rays,
Under his fervid car,
You ſend me; there my days I'll ſpend,
From home, and kindred far.
There ſweetly-ſmiling Lalagé I'll love,
Her accents ſweet, my conſtancy ſhall prove.

Æt. 14.

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The Sentiments of Part of the Twenty-fourth Ode of the Third Book of Horace.

THOUGH Indian mines or Tyrrhene ſeas,
Vaſt treaſures! you obtain,
Never ſhall wealth from death ſecure,
Nor keep the rich from pain.

For hardy Scythians find more peace
Beneath the frigid zone,
Though forc'd to wander far and wide,
For their unſettled home.

Getæans fierce, whoſe ſpacious fields
Expos'd in common lie,
Who know no bound'ries to their lands,
May feel ſuperior joy.

Their late poſſeſſions all forego
When Sol hath clos'd the year;
Another then the place aſſumes,
By turns the land they ſhare.

Here the fond matron doth not ſeek
Her ſtep-born ſon to ſlay;
Nor doth the portion'd dame deſire
Her huſband's will to ſway.

Æt. 14.

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ODE XVI. BOOK III.

A Tower of braſs, and gates robuſt,
Nor dogs, a watchful guard!
Could from nocturnal rakes defend,
Fair Danaé, debarr'd;

Since thund'ring Jove, and love's gay queen,
Evaded all the care
Of ſtern Acriſius, the proud watch
Of that encloiſter'd fair.

For open was the gate, and wide
T'a god transform'd to gold;
Wealth penetrates through guards and rocks,
Like light'ning uncontroul'd.

Once for deſtructive lucre's ſake,
An Argive Augur died;
His houſe, then for a bribe betray'd,
The thirſt of gold deſtroy'd.

Hence, a proud Macedonian prince
The gates of towns unloos'd;
And arm'd with wealth, oft rival kings
From regal pow'r depos'd.

Bribes

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Bribes may the rugged ſailor tempt.
The man who heaps up ſtore,
Solicitude torments with care,
Impatient after more.

Not without cauſe, thou boaſt of knights!
Have I abhorr'd a ſhow;
If to yourſelf, you wealth deny,
More will the gods beſtow.

Poor, as I am, I wiſh to paſs
To thoſe that claim content;
Like a deſerter, leave the rich,
And fly the ſumptuous tent.

Lord of a ſmall eſtate, I deem
Myſelf more ſplendid far,
Than if in lofty barns I pil'd
The produce of the year;

Amid accumulated heaps
Of endleſs riches, poor;
On every ſide, ſurrounded by
A vain, enchanting ſtore.

My pure tranſparent ſtream and woods
Of a few acres ſize,

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A confidence of my own crop,
Shall every want ſuffice.

Not he, who governs Afric's realms,
Or Lybia's acres mows,
My ſlender income better far,
And more convenient, knows.

Although Calabrian bees do not
Their ſweets for me produce;
Nor in huge Leſtrigonian caſks
I ſtore the gen'rous juice;

No flocks for me, in Gallia graze,
Yet want doth not torment;
But had I importun'd for more,
Still more your grace had ſent.

My ſlender income may encreaſe,
If we awhile refrain,
Better than if to Lybian realms,
I join'd a rich domain.

To them who many things deſire,
Yet many things are loſt,
In inſtability and woe
Their minds are ever toſt.

Bleſs'd

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Bleſs'd is the man whom providence
Hath with enough endu'd,
To keep from pining want ſecure;
He lives in quietude.

Tranſlated, Æt. 15.

ODE XIV. BOOK II.

Tranſlated in the ſame Number of Lines as the Original,

To POSTHUMUS.

THE fleet-wing'd years, Poſthumus! ſlide
Alas! nor piety can ſtay
Old age, or wrinkles fell,
Nor death invincible.

Although, my friend! you ſacrifice
Three hundred bullocks every day
To ruthleſs Pluto's ſhrine,
Whoſe ſluggiſh waves confine

Tityos and Geryon dire;
The waves which all muſt paſs,
Who fed on fruits of earth,
Of high, or humble birth.

In vain the ſanguine field we 'ſcape,
And roaring Adria's daſhing gulph;
When autumn rules the year,
In vain the ſouth we fear.

Cocytus' ſable, languid ſtream,
And Danaus' race we muſt behold,
Where cruel fate ordains
Siſyphus to endleſs pains.

Thy land and houſe, and pleaſing wife,
And groves, thine hands have ſet,
Thou muſt behind thee leave;
The cypreſs only deck thy grave.

A worthier heir the wine ſhall ſpend,
Which once an hundred locks conceal'd;
Not in our feſtivals is found
Such cheer as then ſhall tinge the ground.

ODE XII. BOOK II.

Tranſlated in Blank Verſe, and the ſame Number of Lines as the Original.

To MECÆNAS.

DO not fierce Numantine's long wars,
Dire Annibal, Sicilian ſeas

With

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With Punic blood distain'd, command
To fit my humble lyre?

Nor savage Lapithæ, Hylæus drunk,
Earth's sons by might Herculean tam'd,
Whence ancient Saturn's fulgent dome
Th'encreasing danger fear'd.

'Tis thine, Mecænas! Cæsar's wars
In prose historic to relate;
And kings indignant, through the streets,
In splendid triumph led.

My muse, Licinias' numbers sweet,
Her beauty-beaming eyes would praise;
Her long-prov'd faith, and mutual love
Demand the Lyric lays.

With what an air she leads the dance!
How keen her wit! and how serene!
With virgins neat she joins her hands,
On Dian's festal day!

Would you for what Achæmenes possess'd,
Or Phrygias' riches, or what more;

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Arabia's ample garners boast,
Exchange Licinia's hair,

When she, benign, turns round her neck,
Or with an easy frown denies?
And would you'd snatch, not importune?
Sometimes she's less reserv'd.

☞ The Translator has here adopted a species of blank verse, in imitation of the Latin measure.

TRANSLATION

TRANSLATIONS FROM VIRGIL.

THE STORY OF THE WOODEN HORSE, AND THE CONSUMMATE HYPOCRISY OF SINON.

Tranſlated from the Second Book of VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

THE Græcian chiefs, fatigu'd with ten years war,
By Pallas aided, with peculiar care
Erect a ſteed, like ſome vaſt rock in ſize!
The ſtately fir in planks its ribs ſupplies;
A vow for ſafe return, this they pretend,
And round the country that report extend.
But in the horſe they armed ſoldiers hide,
By lot ſelected, of their hoſt the pride.

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In ſight of Troy, a famous iſland lay,
A thriving port and fine commodious bay,
While in imperial ſplendor Priam bore the ſway.
No haven now the ranſack'd iſle can boaſt,
Unfit for ſhips, a rough, impervious coaſt.
To this deſerted ſhore the Greeks retreat,
And here, from us conceal'd their hoſtile fleet;
While to Mycenæ, wafted o'er the main,
We thought them gone; but oh! that thought was vain.
Troy freed from long diſtreſs, her gates expand;
Exulting thouſands pour around the land,
The Græcian camp to view; or to explore
The plains deſerted, and abandon'd ſhore.
Here Dolopes, there Achilles pitch'd his tent;
Here the whole navy ſtretch'd, a vaſt extent!
The armies there in battle did engage;
Here Ilion fled before Pelides' rage.

Meanwhile, a part expreſs profound amaze,
When at Minerva's fatal gift they gaze.
Thymætes firſt adviſ'd t' admit the ſteed,
Thro' treachery brib'd, or ſo the fates decreed;
But Capys, and the reſt of ſounder mind,
Suſpect what Greece by ſplendid gifts deſign'd;
They will'd, that fire the monſter ſhould devour,
And ev'ry dark receſs with arms explore,

Or

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Of force th' inſidious engine from the ſteep,
Beneath the billows of the roaring deep;
The giddy vulgar now in parties riſe,
And various ſchemes declare their vaſt ſurprize.

Lo! from the tower Laocoon deſcends,
Attended by a numerous train of friends;
Impetuous anger all his ſoul inflames,
And thus, from far, ſtern Neptune's prieſt exclaims:
Oh! wretched countrymen! what fury reigns!
What frantic madneſs flows thro' all your veins!
Can you believe our foes deceitful, gone?
Are then Ulyſſes' arts no better known?
Conceal'd within this wood the Græcians lie,
Or yon machine was built our houſes to deſcry.
Admit not, friends, the ſteed within the wall;
Some ill deſign it hides, or bodes our fall.
From every preſent Greece would give, abſtain;
My ſoul ſuſpects fraud from the Argive train,
And more, if gifts, ſuſpicious gifts! they feign.

This ſaid, with force his maſſy ſpear he flung
Againſt the monſter's ſide; the caverns rung!
Fix'd in the ſteed, the quiv'ring weapon ſtood,
And hollow groans reſounded from the wood;

Then

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Then had not fate decreed the fall of Troy,
And hoſtile gods conſpir'd to blaſt our joy,
Each dark receſs laid open by the ſword,
Troy now had ſtood, her dignity reſtor'd;
The fell deſigns of Greece we all had known,
And good old Priam ſtill poſſeſs'd the throne.

Meantime the Trojan ſwains with acclamations bring
A trembling captive, bound, before the king;
To them unknown, he fell acroſs their way,
Premeditating Ilion to betray;
Reſolv'd to circumvent, prepar'd to die.
About him gather all the youth of Troy,
Earneſt to ſee, or to inſult the foe.
Now from the fraud of one, the nation know;
As in the midſt, unarm'd, the ſtranger ſtood,
Gaz'd at by all, the Greek exclaim'd aloud,
Alas! what diſtant land will me receive?
Toſs'd by relentleſs waves, where ſhall I live?
What place for me, a wretch forlorn! remains?
Me, every friend, and every Greek diſdains;
The injur'd Trojans too, my blood require;
Can I of foes profeſs'd, my life deſire?

These

These mournful accents change our wav'ring soul,
In every heart, serene compassion rolls;
We bid the wretch his name and race declare,
His captive faith, or what, if tidings he could bear.
Undaunted, then the guileful Greek began;
Profound attention flow'd from man to man—
Indeed, oh king! my heart would nought conceal;
The vows of Greece my faithful tongue shall tell;
Nor can I dare, myself a Greek deny;
The frowns of fate shall ne'er make Sinon lie;
Truth will I speak, truth doth my heart revere;
For lies, the vengeance of the gods I fear.
If then, great Palamed's illustrious name
E'er to thine ears, imperial monarch! came,
Whom Greece by false impeachment doom'd to die,
Though innocent, suppos'd a friend to Troy.
Now for their rashness, Argive princes mourn,
And wish in vain, Belides to return.
My sire, when young, dismiss'd me to the war;
In all the dangers of my friend I share;
While he, secure, among the great remain'd,
The kingdom flourish'd; some renown I gain'd.
But when, alas! he fell, the sport of fate!
A sacrifice to stern Ulysses' hate,
(Things known, and facts, oh king! do I relate,)

Distress'd

My days did I in grief and sorrow spend,
And mourn'd the fortune of my hapless friend.
Fool that I was to tell; had heaven decreed
My wish'd return, vengeance I vow'd, the foe
should bleed.
From that dire source a train of sorrows sprang,
Hence every grief, and every woe began;
Ulysses thence, my inward pain augments,
By lies and slanders his mad rage he vents;
The wav'ring crowd with false reports he fires;
My life, the guilty dastard then requires.
No respite, nor sweet intercourse I know,
For Calchas' ministration urg'd my foe.
But, why should I, with useless words and vain,
This congregated multitude detain?
If all of Grecian race, alike you doom,
Consign me, Trojans! to the peaceful tomb;
This must Ulysses, and his friends delight,
The two Atridæ will your pains requite.

Then curious to enquire, we bid the foe
Explain the cause of such prodigious woe;
Of his dire fraud did no suspicion rise;
Resolv'd to circumvent, he trembling cries:—
Fatigu'd with ten years unsuccessful war,
Oft wish'd the Greeks to breathe their native air;

How

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(How would my heart have leapt with secret joy,
Had they forsook the shores of heaven-built Troy!)
As oft did tempests them from flight detain,
And adverse Auster rous'd the troubled main.
When now, this horse in stately splendour stood,
Compos'd of maple beams, from Ida's wood,
A dreadful storm the azure sky o'erspreads,
And heaven indignant thunders o'er our heads.
In deep suspence, Eurypilus we send
Apollo to consult, and heaven attend.
From the recess, and 'midst his dark abode,
As he reported, thus reply'd the god:—
When first from Greece you sought the Lesbian plain,
A virgin's blood appeas'd the boist'rous main;
Now Grecian gore must purchase your return,
And for atonement, human flesh must burn.

When vulgar ears receiv'd this dire command,
Chill'd was our blood, and trembled every hand,
We wish to know whom Phœbus would demand.

Laertes' son with clamor drag'd along
Prophetic Calchas, 'mid the shudd'ring throng;
Then bade him tell whom fate consign'd to death,
What victim was decreed to forfeit breath.

Me

Me the devoted wretch, the soldiers gues's;
Ulysses well known hatred fram'd distress.
Ten days did Calchas heaven's high will conceal,
Nor unconstrain'd, would he the man reveal;
Stern Ithacus with clamor broke his rest,
At length the seer the dire command express'd;
His solemn accents clos'd the mighty strife,
And me condemn'd to fall beneath the knife.
With this the trembling multitude agree,
That which each fear'd, they saw confin'd to me;
And now, alas! the fatal day drew near,
When me, a sacrifice, the priests prepare.
Lo! salted cakes th' attending servants spread,
With sacred fillets then they bound my head.
To free myself from death, and scape the yoke,
Needs must my tongue confess, the chains I broke.
Mid boggy fens, obscure, I pass'd the night,
In shady woods conceal'd from human sight,
Till they for Greece should spread their full-blown sails,
And Jove auspicious aid with prosp'rous gales.
The hope of seeing my old sire was lost;
No more can I behold my native coast;
T' embrace my children, heaven incens'd, denies;
A train of woes succeeds my former joys.
My friends, perhaps returning Greeks will doom
A sacrifice, in hapless Sinon's room.

On

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On all my race will malice vent its spite,
How hard, alas! must they repay my flight!
By all who rule the blissful realms above,
And every god who fears the wrath of Jove,
By truth, if any truth on earth can be,
Commiserate our woes, and pity me.

His tears, the most averse soon reconcile;
Our melting hearts were overcome by guile;
And first the king th' attending guard commands
To loose the fetters from his captive hands;
Then he, in friendly strains, address'd the foe:—
Here cease thy wandrings; here forget thy woe;
Whoe'er thou art, henceforth relinquish Greece;
Be ours; enjoy the quietude of peace.
Since we demand, with solemn truth declare,
Why rais'd the Greeks that instrument of war,
Immense and vast? what schemes do they propose?
Th' inventor who? say whence the fabric rose?
Explain their motives; trace the mighty steed;
Free from all falsehood, courteous guest! proceed.

Then he, long exercis'd in vile deceit,
Rais'd his loos'd hands, adjuring heaven and fate;
You I attest, eternal fires! he cries,
Whose glorious splendour guilds the vaulted skies,

Ye

Ye altars! sacred to th' avenging gods,
Th' inhabitants of heaven's sublime abodes;
Ye holy bonds! which I, a victim, wore,
Say, shall I the designs of Greece explore?
May I, their private schemes thus violate?
'Tis just, their schemes to blast, the men to hate:
The whole will I to vulgar sight expose;
If ought was e'er conceal'd by Grecian foes,
No native law can secrecy impose.
Preserv'd by Sinon, keep your promise given,
So may you be the favourites of heaven.

The hope of Greece, when first began the war,
Was plac'd in wise Minerva's guardian care;
But from the time that Tydeus' impious son,
Join'd by Ulysses, dar'd approach the stone,*
And the palladium from the temple bear,
The guards first slain in sacrilegious war;
With hands defil'd in blood, the Greeks invade
The sacred shrine of war's triumphant maid;
The holy wreaths to touch they next presume,
And bore the virgin from her lofty dome.
From that known day, the state began to fail,
And fates adverse o'er every hope prevail;

Signs

* Minerva's Image.

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Signs horrible to name, ſtern Pallas ſends,
A ſure prelude that vengeance dire impends.
Scarce had they plac'd the ſtatue in the tent,
When flames of fire her ſtaring eyeballs vent;
A briny ſweat through all her members flows;
Wondrous to tell, the wrathful image roſe
Thrice from the ground! ſhe bore her dreadful ſhield,
And in her hand a trembling jav'lin held.
Prophetic Calchas bids prepare to fly,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy,
Unleſs from Argos, omens they require,
And chaſte Minerva mitigate her ire,
Again returning what away they bore
In hollow veſſels, to the Trojan ſhore.
Now if Mycenæ once more chear their ſight,
And, winds aſſiſting, ſpeed their deſtin'd flight,
With arms and gods propitious, they'll return
When you expect not; Ilion then may burn.
Thus Calchas reads the future; he commands;
For the Palladium, Greece with labouring hands
This figure built, immenſe and vaſt in ſize!
To expiate their crimes, and calm the ſkies.
Yet Calchas bade it like a monſter grow,
Of bulk enormous; leſt th' unconquer'd foe
The ſacred ſteed within the walls ſhould draw,
And the baſe crowd adore with reverent awe.

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If you with arms, ſaid he, ſhould violate
Minerva's gift, then would celeſtial hate
Vengeance decree, and pour deſtruction down
On Priam's realm, and this imperial town.
Oh may the gods avert the prophecy,
His omens change, and make his words a lie!
But if to draw the horſe yourſelves aſſiſt,
Ne'er ſhall Mycenæ your conquering arms reſiſt;
Victorious Aſia then ſhall plough the ſea,
And vanquiſh'd Argos your commands obey.

Such wiles of perjur'd Sinon us deceive;
Through artful lies, the ſtory we believe.
Tears conquer them, whom Diomed in vain,
And ſtern Achilles, with the Grecian train
Ten years beſieg'd. Nor could a thouſand ſail,
Thus o'er the warlike ſons of Troy prevail.

Here, ſomething far more terrible appears,
And overwhelms our hearts with anxious fears;
Laocoon, by lot, as Neptune's prieſt,
Then ſacrific'd a bull; a ſacred feaſt.
When lo! two ſerpents cleave the tranquil ſea,
From Tenedos they ſkim the wat'ry way,
With orbs immenſe, (I ſhudder to relate,)
Towards the ſhore they move with equal ſtate.

Amid

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Amid the waves they lift their ample breaſts,
And o'er the flood erect their ſanguine creſts;
Their other parts the ocean laſh behind,
Their backs immenſe in rolling volumes wind.
The main reſounds, and foams the briny deep;
But now the land the hideous monſters keep;
Their eyes were ſtain'd with blood, and darting fire;
Their hiſſing mouths they lick; we all retire
Half dead and ſcar'd. Laocoon they purſue,
And firſt his ſons, with brutal rage they ſlew;
Their wretched limbs with poiſon'd fangs they tore;
But when with arms the ſire aſſiſtance bore,
In their enormous folds him faſt they bind,
Twice round his waiſt their ſpiral volumes wind,
Twice round his neck their ſcaly backs they tie,
And proud exulting raiſe their heads on high.
Lo! while their knots he ſtrives to break, in vain,
His ſacred wreathes with blood and filth they ſtain;
Then with his horrid groans the ſky reſounds;
So roars a bull, when mangled with dire wounds,
Bleeding and torn, he from the altar flies,
And 'ſcapes th' uncertain ax with ſtrange ſurprize.
But both the ſnakes to Pallas' temple glide;
Beneath her feet, and ample ſhield, they hide.
Then ſolemn fear through all our trembling hearts
Uncommon dread and laſting woe imparts,

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We own Laocoon juſtly doom'd to bleed,
Whoſe impious jav'lin pierc'd the ſacred ſteed.
Admit the ſtatue to its ſeat, they cry,
Implore the goddeſs' dread divinity.
The walls we break with blind officious care,
And for the fatal work with haſte prepare;
Some to the monſter's feet, ſmooth wheels apply,
And round its neck, lo! hempen ropes we tie;
While boys and virgins chant their ſacred lays,
O'er ruin'd walls the dire machine we raiſe;
Pregnant with arms, and threat'ning cruel fate,
The horſe we drew within the city gate.
Oh native land! once the abode of joy,
Thou ſeat of gods! ye walls renown'd of Troy!
Four times before the gate the bateful monſter ſtood,
Four times the din of arms reſounded from the wood.
Blind with mad fury, yet we urge its ſpeed,
And in the caſtle place the fatal ſteed.

Then too, Caſſandra, by her god's command,
Our future doom reveal'd, to ſave the land.
Deaf to her words, the Trojans ne'er believe;
Thus Phœbus wills, the virgin's heart to grieve.
That day we ſpent in unremitted joy,
Ordain'd the laſt of pleaſing days to Troy;
With feſtive boughs the temples we adorn,
By heaven deſign'd in hoſtile flames to burn.

Meanwhile

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Meanwhile from Jove deſcend the ſhades of night,
From earth and ocean turns celeſtial light,
Darkneſs involves the various face of things,
The diſtant poles, and wiles of Argive kings.
Thro' all the town diſpers'd, in ſlumber deep,
The weary Trojans round their bulwarks ſleep.

From Tenedos the Grecian army ſails,
In ſplendid veſſels, and with proſp'rous gales;
They ſilent move acroſs the tranquil main,
By Luna favour'd, our known ſhores they gain.
The royal bark a flaming ſignal bore,
By which the reſt a ſecret paſs explore;
Then perjur'd Sinon op'd the fatal door,
To open air incloſed warriors pour.
Tiſander and fierce Sthenelus appear,
And dire Ulyſſes, void of every fear;
Theſe joyful, by a rope, from high, deſcend,
Thoas and Athamas their ſteps attend;
Pyrrhus and wiſe Machaon firſt came down,
Epeus and Menelaus invade the town;
Epeus, the builder of the mighty ſteed,
Engine of fraud! avow'd the hardy deed.
The centinels are ſlain, the guard retreats;
Then for their friends the Greeks unbar the gates;
In union firm their conſcious armies join,
And fire the town o'ercharg'd with ſleep and wine.

Tranſlated Æt. 15.

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THE DEATH OF KING PRIAM.

Tranſlated from the Second Book of VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

BEFORE the veſtible, dire Pyrrhus ſtood,
Clad in bright arms, and radiant, as a god;
So ſhines a ſnake, which, while cold winter reign'd,
Some trench profound, or brake obſcure, detain'd;
Renew'd with paſture, fill'd with noxious flow'rs,
And ſwol'n with wrath, the beaſt his poiſon pours.
With a new ſkin adorn'd, emblem of pride!
The ſnake exults, and turns his various hide;
His back reflects the light's refulgent ray,
And dancing ſun-beams on his boſom play.
So, fierce Achilles' proud revengeful ſon,
In brazen luſtre, cloth'd in terrors, ſhone.
Automedon and Periphas divide
The warrior's toils, and combat by his ſide;
Automedon the great, renown'd in war,
Skill'd to direct the Achillean car.
The youth of Scyros ſhake our lofty ſpires,
And round our houſes toſs their waving fires;
Fierce at their head, vindictive Pyrrhus ſtands,
A ponderous axe arm'd his deſtroying hands;
With pow'r immenſe the hero ruſh'd along,
Burſt were the gates ſmote by an arm ſo ſtrong,
Or, heav'd on high, on brazen hinges hung.

And

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And now the bars remov'd, he forc'd the doors,
Breaks down the walls, and Priam's court explores;
The fair retreat of ancient kings appears,
Scenes riſe to public view, conceal'd for years;
They ſaw the ſoldiers on the threſhold ſtand,
In arms prepar'd, the palace to defend.
But far within, diſtreſſing groans abound,
The vaulted roofs with female ſhrieks reſound.
Thro' ſpacious halls affrighted matrons run,
Some to the doors, and ſome to pillars clung;
Th' inhuman work indignant Pyrrhus plies,
His fathers fury ſparkled in his eyes;
Nor gates, nor guards his matchleſs might ſuſtain,
The gates were burſt, and the ſtrong guards were ſlain.
From maſſy hinges torn, the timber broke,
Th' enormous poſts with blows repeated ſhook;
At length with waſting might they force a way,
In ruſh'd the Greeks, and form'd a deſp'rate fray;
With Trojan blood they drench the ſlipp'ry ground,
Kill all they meet, and ſpread the carnage around.
Not with ſuch rage a foaming river roars,
And through the plain a gathering torrent pours,
O'er ruin'd moles the waves reſiſtleſs roll,
Lay waſte the fields, and drown the mellow ſoil;
The people fly; the wand'ring cattle ſtray;
Sheep-folds and cottages are ſwept away.

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Thoſe eyes beheld fierce on the threſhold ſtand
Wide-waſting Pyrrhus, with his daring band!
The ſtern Atridæ thunder'd on his ſide,
Behind them thouſands; of all Greece the pride.

I ſaw the queen, the hapleſs king of Troy,
And female train, behind the altar fly,
A woeful ſcene! polluting with his blood;
Before the ſacred fires imperial Priam ſtood.
In fifty rooms, (ſuch mighty hope had he,
The father of a numerous progeny,)
The doors o'erlaid with rich Barbaric gold,
And ancient ſpoils, in one vaſt heap were roll'd.
But where a ſpace the raging flames afford,
The foes unite; there Greece her legions pour'd.

Perhaps you may good Priam's fate enquire,
Since all around were ruins, blood, and fire.
He, when he ſaw his captive city fall,
That conquering foes o'erturn'd the palace wall,
How hoſtile Greeks his ſplendid court poſſeſs,
And violate the moſt conceal'd receſs;
In arms diſus'd, impatient, ſtalk'd along,
(Arms, that become the valiant, and the ſtrong,)
His ancient ſhoulders trembling with their weight,
The royal ſenior plung'd in thickeſt fight.

His

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His ponderous ſword, a youthful warrior's pride!
An uſeleſs burthen, grac'd the monarch's ſide.

Amid the court, beneath the naked ſkies,
O'er which a laurel grateful ſhade ſupplies,
An altar ſtood; the houſhold gods were near,
The tree protecting from th' inclement air.
Here Hecuba, with all her daughters, ſate,
Here fled in vain, to 'ſcape the dire debate.
As pigeons from the low'ring tempeſt fly,
On ſounding pinions borne, or low, or high;
So theſe about the ſhade in plaintive crowds,
Embracing, held the images of gods.

But, when ſhe ſaw old Priam clad in arms,
And dauntleſs ruſhing 'mid the loud alarms;
What frantic madneſs rules thy mind? ſhe cry'd,
How durſt my Lord reſume the warriors pride!
Where will you run? Oh! whither ſhall we tend?
Not ſuch as thee can in this hour defend;
Ev'n did my Hector breathe this vital air,
Great Hector's might could nought avail us here.
Dear ſpouſe! relent; come, join your conſort's ſide,
This ſhade a kind protection will provide,
This ſacred altar may us both defend,
Or both at once to Pluto's realms deſcend.

This

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This ſaid, ſhe ſtrain'd the monarch to her breaſt;
A ſacred ſeat the royal ſenior preſs'd;
But lo! Polites urg'd by Pyrrhus' ſpear,
Through arms, through foes, precipitate with fear,
That way impends! thro' portals large and wide,
And empty halls, once Aſia's golden pride!
Him wounded, Pyrrhus with mad rage purſu'd,
On fire to ſpill the blooming champion's blood.
Now almoſt touch'd; then with his fatal ſpear
He preſs'd the youth, old Priam's youngeſt heir;
Lo! faint, before his hapleſs parent's eyes,
Stretch'd at their feet, the bleeding warrior dies,

Then Priam, to ſurrounding danger blind,
Expreſs'd the dictates of his angry mind,
Nor could th' indignant king from words refrain,
But to his riſing wrath gave looſe the rein.
The gods for thee, the monarch ſtern reply'd,
A due reward of vengeance will provide,
Fit for thy crimes; if any god there be,
A guardian of the juſt, and piety.
Theſe aged eyes o'erwhelm'd with grief have view'd
My youngeſt offspring wallowing in his blood.
Not he from whom you boaſt your valour ſprung,
That peſt to Priam, Peleus' mighty ſon,
Not he, I ſay, did thus requite my age;
He could relent and check his riſing rage.

To

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To plaintive woes the prince inclin'd his ear,
A ſtrict obſerver of the rights of war.
He gave my Hector's corps to be inurn'd;
Safe from his ample tent myſelf return'd.
Thus ſpoke the king: a feeble lance he threw,
The loit'ring javlin, unavailing, flew;
Turn'd by the boſs, and guiltleſs of a wound,
The harmleſs weapon made the braſs reſound.
Then Pyrrhus,—On our fatal meſſage go,
Be ſure relate to Peleus' ſon below,
How I degenerate from my godlike ſire,
And fail his glorious actions to admire;
Now die.—Thus proud Achilles' offspring ſaid,
Then to the altar, and the ſacred ſhade,
The trembling monarch, ruthleſs, drag'd along
Through the warm blood of his beloved ſon.
With his left hand the king's grey locks he tore,
While rais'd on high, the right his falſhion bore.
Deep in the monarch's ſide he plung'd the ſword,
From a wide wound the vital current pour'd.
This was of Priam's toils the deſtin'd end,
That awful point to which our fears extend.
He liv'd to ſee his native city fall,
In ruins laid her towers, and heaven-built wall.
That potent king whoſe vaſt extended ſway,
But late ſuch ſpacious realms and warlike ſtates obey,
Now on the ſhore a nameleſs carcaſe lay.

Torn

Torn from his ſhoulders was his royal head,
The ample trunk a ſanguine current bled.

Tranſlated Æt. 15.

The Retreat of Æneas from the burning City of Troy; or, a noble Example of filial, paternal, and conjugal Affection.

Tranſlated from the ſecond Book of VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

REVEAL'D, before my face, my radiant mother ſtood,
And through the dark conſpicuous ſhone the god;
Ne'er ſaw thoſe eyes refulgence half ſo bright
Till then; a ſacred mirror of delight!
As when ſhe crowns th' immortal ſeats above,
Or meets her father, cloud compelling Jove.
My lifted hand the queen of ſmiles repreſs'd,
And thus the roſy Venus me addreſs'd,—
Oh ſon! what grief ſets all your ſoul on fire?
Why glows your boſom with malignant ire?
Where is that care? that providential care
For lov'd Creuſa, and your riſing heir?
Doſt thou not firſt with filial thought enquire
Th' uncertain fate of thy forſaken ſire?
Worn out with age, Anchiſes ſcarce ſurvives,
And ſcarce, to chear his darling offſpring, lives.

The

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The bands of Greece with heedleſs wrath ſurround,
But for mine aid, your walls had preſs'd the ground,
Thy ſire, thy wife, thy young Aſcanius died;
My power divine, protection then ſupply'd.
Not Helen's bloom, nor Paris' wanton luſt,
Laid Troy's proud bulwarks ſmoking in the duſt,
But angry gods, the miniſters of fate!
To endleſs ruin doom'd the Trojan ſtate.
Lo! I that cloud which darkens human ſight,
Veils mortal eyes, and covers o'er with night,
Will far remove, and wipe the droſs away,
And give my ſon to ſee a purer day,
But fear not, my juſt mandates to obey.
There, where promiſcuous buildings lie proſtrate,
An heap of rubbiſh, and a blended weight,
Stones torn from ſtones, ſee waving ſmoke ariſe,
Mingled with duſt, and wafted round the ſkies.
Lo! from her deep foundation Ilion nods,
The ſeat of empire bows to hoſtile gods;
There angry Neptune undermines the walls,
Smites with his trident, and the city falls;
Indignant Juno wrapt in terror ſtands,
The Scæan gate to guard, and rouſe her ſocial bands.
Behold where Pallas from yon lofty tow'rs,
With animation fires the Grecian pow'rs,
She ſhines refulgent through the ambient ſhade,
And bears on high the dire Gorgonian head;

Great

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Great Jove himſelf reſiſtleſs ſtrength inſpires,
Supports the Greeks, and breathes extreme deſires;
He bids all heaven the arms of Troy oppoſe,
Your ſchemes to baffle, and ſuſtain your foes,
Fly hence oh ſon! here may your labours end,
In every danger, Venus will defend,
Safe to your palace I'll explore a way,
Do thou my ſon, the mandate given obey.

She ſaid; and inſtant vaniſh'd from my ſight,
In gloomy ſhades conceal'd, involv'd in night.
Tremenduous, direful forms their might employ,
And gods immenſe o'erwhelm Neptunia nTroy;
All Ilion ſeem'd in flames devouring loſt,
And from her deep foundation heav'd and toſt:
As when on ſome exalted mountains height,
A full grown aſh abides contending might,
Impatient ſwains with many an axe ſtand round;
With ſtrokes redoubled all the hills reſound;
It threatens loud; with waving locks it bows,
'Till overcome by long repeated blow s
It groans its laſt, and falling to the ground,
Torn from the mountain ſcatters ruin round.

Swift I deſcend, through flames and foes to ſtray;
A god conducts and clears the dang'rous way.

The

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The various inſtruments of death retire,
And back recedes the bright conſuming fire.
But when arriv'd beneath our ancient dome,
My feet ſcarce enter'd our paternal home;
My ſire I begg'd to leave the town, and fly
Where diſtant mountains ſafety would ſupply;
Firm he denied, determin'd in his mind
With Troy to fall, nor leave her duſt behind.
But you, whoſe blood flows warm through every vein,
Fly, ſaid my ſire; your might and powers remain.
Me, if the gods had doom'd to happier fate,
For me had ſure preſerv'd this ancient ſeat,
It is enough, once, and again to ſee
The city captive; one cataſtrophe
Have we ſurviv'd. Go, leave me thus; may I
With my own hand provide the means to die.
Or elſe, the foes with pity touch'd, will ſend
My ſoul to Pluto's undiſcover'd land;
Then may they take my ſpoils; the loſs is light
To die depriv'd of each ſepulchral rite.
Long have I breath'd, expos'd to heavenly hate,
And ſpun a ling'ring life, diſconſolate,
E'er ſince almighty, cloud- compelling Jove
Blaſted my limbs with light'ning from above.
So ſaying, he perſiſts, inflexibly ſevere,
Unmov'd by all the prevalence of pray'r.

May

Myſelf, Creuſa, and my little ſon,
Suffus'd in tears, around the ſenior clung;
The weeping family implore, that fate
Both him and us with too intenſe a weight
May not o'erwhelm. His firſt deſign remains;
No tears can move him, and no pray'rs can change.

Once more I fly to arms; to death I ran,
My ſecret wiſh; a wretched, hopeleſs man;
What elſe remain'd? what counſel could I take,
Should I withdraw, and my old ſire forſake?
Oh think not, father! I could leave behind
Thy trembling age;—inhuman!—and unkind!
If heaven determines nought of Troy to ſave,
And you and yours muſt here obtain a grave,
Already op'd is death's expanded gate,
Behold the way to Erebus and fate.
Expect Achilles' dire revengeful ſon,
Defil'd in Priam's blood, with us, e'er long,
Who ſtabb'd a ſon before his father's eyes,
The ſire himſelf by the ſame murd'rer dies,
An altar near, whence ſacred flames ariſe.
Was it for this, oh bright as riſing day!
Through arms, through fire you clear'd the dangerous way,

To

To see the foe within my palace wall;
My sire, my wife, my young Ascanius fall,
Their kindred blood commix'd; the sword devouring all.

Haste servants haste; my long prov'd arms prepare;
Our final hour is come! the voice of fate I hear;
We fail'd; yet give me back to Grecian might,
Once more to rouse the dying flames of fight,
Not unreveng'd, our blood shall close the night.

My left hand bore the shield; secure I gird
Close to my side my ever faithful sword;
Then forth I rush'd, prepar'd the foe to meet,
When my dear spouse, embracing both my feet,
Just on the threshold, held my blooming boy,
Trembling Iulus, his fond parent's joy.

If thus resolv'd to perish, thou wilt go?
Take us with thee, the partners of thy woe;
But if experienc'd in the turns of war,
You trust in arms, and dream of safety there,
First guard this palace, save this lofty dome;
To whom wilt thou expose thy friends at home?
Here dwells Iulus, here Anchises lives,
And I your consort, if that claim survives.

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Thus with distressing groans the fair one cries,
The vaulted arch in broken tones replies;
When on a sudden, wonderful to tell,
A prodigy made known th' eternal will.
Confin'd between his parent's sad embrace
My young Iulus rais'd his beauteous face;
When lo! a stream of light ascends on high
From the blest head of my distinguish'd boy.
The lambent flame now lightly touch'd his hair,
Around his temples fed th' innoxious glare;
Astonish'd! trembling! we with fear retire,
And from his locks shake off the sacred fire;
While some, officious, bowls of water bring,
Replenish'd from the fountain, or the spring.
But good Anchises, joyful, rais'd his eyes
Toward the stars that gild the ambient skies,
And stretch'd his hands to heaven, when thus he cries,
Oh! thou almighty, interposing Jove!
If prayers, or supplications thee can move,
Look down on us; no more can we desire
But if our piety may dare aspire,
Assist us father! let thy power defend;
Confirm the omen, thou art pleas'd to send.

Scarce had he spoke, when on the left we heard
A peal of thunder shake the troubled air.

We saw from heaven a glorious star descend,
And form a length'ning lucid train behind,
Shot through the shades with overwhelming light
It o'er the palace roll'd, and clear to sight
Conceal'd itself in the Idean grove.
A radiant path its progress mark'd above;
Along the track a shining furrow streams;
The region round wide smokes with sulphurous steams.
Here, my old sire relenting, rais'd his eyes,
Ador'd the star, and thus address'd the skies;
Now, now no more, in me expect delay,
I go, where heaven and you will lead the way.
Ye gods! whom here my fathers could adore,
Preserve my grandson, and our house secure;
Yours be this omen, yours imperial Troy.
Now son, I yield, nor more, refuse to fly.
He ceas'd; and now the raging flames drew near,
A crackling noise on every side we hear.
Come then, dear sire! borne on my neck, said I;
My shoulders shall sustain thy weight with joy;
Th' event of things we both will undergo,
One common blis, or one o'erwhelming woe;
The child Iulus must his sire attend,
My spouse shall trace my footsteps close behind.
Obey our mandates, all ye menial train,
Without the town there stands an ancient fane,
Built on an hillock, which o'erlooks the plain,

Once Ceres' temple; near it grows a tree,
A cypreſs, reverenc'd by antiquity;
To this one ſeat by different paths repair;
To thee oh father! I conſign the care
Of ſacred things; for me, defil'd with war,
It is profane our country gods to bear,
Till in the living ſtream I waſh away the ſtain
Of blood and filth, from many a warrior ſlain.

This ſaid; beſide an ample veſt I throw,
O'er my broad ſhoulders and my neck ſunk low
A tawny lion's ſkin, and to the burthen bow;
The child Iulus link'd in my right hand,
With ſteps unequal tript along the ſtrand;
Behind attends my conſort; while we go
Through lanes obſcure, t' evade the wand'ring foe.
I, whom but late, nor arms nor men could ſcare,
Now every breath and every motion fear,
For my companion, and the load I bear.
And now, the gates at hand, it ſeem'd that we
Of ev'ry danger from the Greeks were free.
The ſound of tramp'ling feet, alarm'd, I hear,
The noiſe thick gath'ring, nearer and more near.
My ſire exclaim'd, they come! Æneas, fly!
Their brazen ſhields and helmets, I deſcry.
But here, unknown, what adverſe god depriv'd
My trembling ſoul of thought? what toils have I ſurviv'd?

For

For while we ſpeed unknown by-paths to gain,
The public ſtreets to miſs, directing tow'rds the plain,
Alas! Creuſa, doom'd to cruel fate,
Snatch'd from her ſpouſe,—a wretch, diſconſolate!
Had miſs'd the path, or wand'ring ſought her way,
Or fainted, ſpent; which, 'tis not mine to ſay.
Seen never more by thoſe deſiring eyes,
Witheld, forbade, her mournful obſequies.
Nor did I think her loſt, till we obtain'd
The ſacred hill, and Ceres' ancient fane:
Safe all were met; for her alone, I griev'd;
Me, and her ſon, and ſervants, ſhe deceiv'd.
Whom did not I accuſe, of gods and men?
With frantic wrath, reproach'd the pow'rs divine.
What more diſtreſs'd me, in the fall of Troy?
What equall'd this? It muſt my peace deſtroy.
My ſon, my ſire, and Ilion's houſhold gods,
I to my friends commit, conceal'd in ſafe abodes.
In ſhining arms myſelf return to town,
A ſolitary mortal, all alone!
Determin'd and reſolv'd, once more I flew,
My former toils and dangers to renew;
Once more I tread the mournful ſtreets of Troy,
And dauntleſs ruſh on death, or perils nigh;
But firſt I travers'd o'er the parts extreme,
Around the walls, and gate thro' which we came;

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Then trace the steps with care I trod before,
And thro' the dark, with earnest eyes, explore.
On ev'ry side tremendous scenes appear;
Silence itself inclin'd the soul to fear.
Then homeward, with perplexing thoughts, I stray,
If she, perchance, had thither bent her way,
The thronging Greeks, possess'd of ev'ry place,
With wasting fire its ancient pomp deface;
Above the roof the spiry flames ascend,
Roll'd forward by the wind, till with the skies they blend.
Then to the royal palace I proceed,
And search the castle, with impatient speed.

The vacant porticoes of Juno's fane,
The wealth of Troy and Priam's house contain:
Phœnix and dire Ulysses all defend;
A chosen guard, on whom the Greeks depend.
Riches immense, from burning temples torn,
And bowls of solid gold, were thither borne:
The sacred tables of th' immortal gods,
And plunder'd robes, profane those fair abodes.
There boys and matrons in long order stand,
Condemn'd to slavery in a foreign land.
I rais'd my dauntless voice, and call'd aloud
Through dismal shades, an interposing cloud;

Once

Once, and again, the ruin'd ſtreets reſound,
My frantic ravings echo wafted round.

The mournful ſhade of dear Creuſa roſe
Before theſe eyes, that ſtream'd at human woes;
Larger than life the viſion did appear;
Aghaſt! I ſaw, and upright ſtood mine hair,
Faulter'd my voice; when thus to me alone,
To eaſe my grief, the ſolemn ſhade begun:—
Why wilt thou yet indulge afflicting care?
Oh much lov'd conſort of an hapleſs fair;
Theſe ſad events are by the will of Heav'n;
With thee to go, Creuſa was not given.
The god whoſe pow'r th' Olympian hoſt controuls,
Who rules the world, and reigns beyond the poles,
Will not permit. 'Tis thine to croſs the main,
Through mighty toils, the promis'd ſhore to gain;
At length, to reach the fair Heſperian ſtrand,
Where Lydian Tyber rolls along the land.
Through fruitful fields the river finds a way,
And bathes its banks with verdant meadows gay:
A kingdom then, and riches thou wilt ſhare;
A royal conſort ſhall await thee there:
Ceaſe now, for lov'd Creuſa loſt, to mourn;
Grieve not for me, I never can return,

I never ſhall behold Dolopian ſtates,
Nor Argive matrons in their lofty ſeats,
Since I from Dardan blood derive my race,
Am Venus' daughter, mother of each grace;
But me, the parent of the gods detains;
In thoſe dear realms Creüſa ſtill remains.
Adieu my love; preſerve our common ſon,
From harm defend, and ſave in realms unknown.

Theſe words ſhe ſpoke, and vaniſh'd from my ſight,
Diffus'd in air, and as a vapour, light.
Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw,
Thrice from my fond embrace her image flew:
Moſt like a fleeting dream, or ſwift as wind,
With winged ſpeed ſhe left her ſpouſe behind.
With theſe tranſactions midnight darkneſs ends;
My ſteps I turn, and ſeek my longing friends.

THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

Tranſlated from Virgil's Georgics, Book 4.

Quis Deus hanc, Muſæ, quis nobis extudit artem?
Unde nova ingreſſus hominum experientia cepit?
Paſtor Ariſtæus fugiens Peneia Tempe.—
Virg. Georg. Lib 4. Ver. 315.

WHAT god, oh muſe! invented this rare art?
Whence did this new experience take its riſe?
'Twas ruſtic Ariſtæus, who forſook
Fair Tempe's plains, by ſmooth Peneus waſh'd.

By

By morbid ills or want he loſt his bees;
And full of grief, the ſwain diſtreſs'd, retir'd
To the fair ſource from whence the river ſprings.
With various cares his mournful boſom heaves,
And thus, his tender parent he addreſs'd:—
Oh dear Cyrene! mother! thou, who dwell'ſt
Beneath the cryſtal waters of this brook,
Why haſt thou brought me forth, to fate adverſe?
Me, who derive my race from mighty gods,
If Thrymbræan Apollo is my ſire,
As thou art wont to ſay! or by what chance
Is your affection chang'd? why did you bid
My ſoul aſpire to heav'ns refulgent domes?
See! I, though thou art call'd my parent, muſt
Reſign the fading honours of mankind;
Which all my utmoſt diligence and care
Of teeming flocks and lands, had ſcarce obtain'd:
Attempting all things with a daring mind.
Come on, oh goddeſs! with your hands tear up
My happy groves, or wrap the ſtalls in fire;
Or ſpread ſome dire contagion through my fields,
And burn my corn; or with the pond'rous axe
Deſtroy my vines; if no concern for me,
Can mollify that harden'd heart of thine.

But his fond mother heard the plaintive ſound,
Beneath the chambers of the rolling deep:

Th'

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Th' immortal nymphs arround her, ſpun with art
Miletian fleece, in glaſſy verdure dyed,
Dryope and Xantho, with Ligea bright,
And Phyllodoce, whoſe unbraided locks
Diſhevel'd, grac'd their ſnow-white necks behind;
Neſæe, Spio, with Cymodoce,
Join'd by fair Thalia and Lycorias red,
Cydippe one, a blooming virgin chaſte,
And one experienc'd in Lucinian pangs;
Clio and Beroë, two of Ocean's race,
Both dreſs'd in gold and both diverſe array'd
In painted ſkins; nor was Ephré loſt;
Opis and Aſian Deiopeia came,
And Arethuſa ſwift, without her darts;
Amongſt whom Clymene told the vain concern
Of the lame god of fire; and how, bold Mars,
The panting goddeſs, heavenly Venus ſtole.
The various paſſions of th' ethereal gods
From Chaos to the laſt, the nymph relates.
Intent on which, while from their ſpindles light
They wind the mollient fleece, an eaſy talk,
Again Aſcalus doleful accents reach'd
His mother's ears, and all the nymphs amaz'd,
Upon their pure chrystalline ſeats reclin'd.
First Arethuſa rais'd her ſaffron head
O'er the ſmooth ſurface of the gliding ſtream,

And

And thus from far—Oh! not in vain wast thou,
Sister Cyrenè, terrified to hear
Such painful groans; himself, thy fondest hope,
Sad Aristeus, by the sacred stream
Of father Peneus, stands, suffus'd in tears,
And calls thee cruel.—To the Naid thus
The mother, seiz'd with terror, soon reply'd:—
Go, bring the youth; go, bring him; for the fates
Admit him to the threshold of the gods.
Cyrenè spake; and bade the crystal deep
Divide, that he between the waves might walk.
Now rais'd on high, the flowing waters form
A liquid mountain; and receive him safe
In their capacious bosom; lo! beneath
The ambient flood defends the favour'd youth.

The shepherd then, with admiration saw
His mother's residence, and ent'ring, trac'd
The lakes in caverns pent, and far-resounding groves,
At the vast motion of the waters now
Amaz'd, he pass'd; admir'd all streams that roll
In different parts, beneath the spacious earth.
Phasis and Lycus' foaming waves he saw,
And the fam'd head whence deep Enipeus flows,
Whence father Tiberinus springs to light,
And rolling Anio, gliding o'er the plains;

Or

Or Hypanis resounding down the rocks
With repercussive roar; and swift Caicus' fount.
Eridanus with gilded horns he saw,
Than which no stream along the cultur'd fields
Pours more impetuous to the splendid deep.

But, when he came beneath the vaulted roof
Of fair Cyrenè's grot, with pumice hung,
And she, her offspring's empty sorrow knew;
The sisters all in order, soon supply
The limpid water, and with graceful care
The well-wrought towels bring; while others load
With food the table, and with sparkling wine
The bowls repleniſh; then the altars smoke
With od'rous incense; and the mother thus,
Take two full goblets crown'd with Lydian wine,
And let us as libations pour them forth
To great Oceanus: Cyrenè then,
Herself, with earnest supplication soothes
Oceanus, of things the mighty source;
And all her sister nymphs with prayers invokes,
Who o'er an hundred groves preside, and rule
An hundred brooks.
Three times she pour'd the nectar on the fire,
And thrice the flames invade the vaulted roof;
Chear'd by this omen, thus the nymph began:—

In

In the Carpathian bay, there dwells a seer,
Cærulean Proteus call the prophet's name;
By fishes borne, he metes the ample sea
In his resplendent car, by bipeds drawn.
He now in rough Emathia's port resides,
And visits Pallene his native place.
We nymphs the god with reverence adore,
And good old Nereus joins our female train;
For he, the prophet, all things knows; and tells
What is, what was, and what remains to come.
Thus did great Neptune his lov'd seer endow,
Whose monstrous herds, beneath the vast profound,
Wise Proteus keeps, and feeds his huge sea-calves.
But first with chains you must confine the god,
Ere he the cause of all disease will tell,
And prosper your designs with wish'd success.
For without force the seer will nought reveal,
Nor canst thou move his stedfast soul with pray'r,
Use all your strength, and fast the chains apply.
Vain are his tricks; all his attempts are vain
The force of well-join'd fetters to evade.
Lo! I when day hath gain'd the height of heaven,
And scorches all the herbs with glaring heat,
When verdant shades are grateful to the flock,
Will thee conduct to that obscure abode,
In which with toil fatigu'd, the old man rests.

Far

Far from the cadence of the dashing waves,
That lock'd in sleep, you may surprize the god:
But when his hands the galling fetters feel,
In diff'rent forms his might will all elude:
One while with glaring eyes he'll move a swine,
Then in a tyger 'scape the binding chain,
And now transform into a lioness,
Or shine a scaly dragon, hideous form!
The roaring sound of fire, then sudden give,
Or melted into water, glide away.
The more he changes, and in every shape
Transforms, so much the closer draw the knots,
Till to his proper shape the seer returns,
Such as yourself shall see, when first his eyes
Oppress'd with slumber, close their weary lids.

She said, and liquid odorous balm diffus'd
Of sweet ambrosia, and anoints her son;
His well-trimm'd locks a pleasing fragrance shed,
While through his limbs an active vigour flow'd.

There is a cave cleft in a mountain's side,
The rock is stoop'd, where waves and billows foam,
Impell'd by wind, and split in various bays,
A port secure, for mariners distress'd.
Within this ample cave, behind a rock,

Cærulean

Cærulean Proteus lodges himself at noon
Here sports the monster, pleas'd the shore to view,
In ambush dark, remote from every eye,
And she herself in misty clouds involv'd,
At distance far remains, and waits th' event.

Now rapid Sirius, scorching Indian lands,
Flam'd in the heavens; and fiery Phœbus reach'd
The middle of his arch; the grass was burnt,
And by his rays, the steaming river warm'd,
Boil'd at the bottom of the shallow stream,
When Proteus seeking his accustom'd grot,
Rose from the waves; the watry race around
Exulting, cast the briny dew abroad:
Stretch'd on the shore th' enormous Phocæ sleep.
But he (like some attentive shepherd swain,
When dusky eve recalls the grazing calves
From pasture, to the strong compacted stalls,
Or bleating lambs excite the prowling wolves,)
On a steep precipice assumes his seat,
Amid the rock, and counts his numerous herds.
Scarce could Aristeus from the attempt refrain,
Scarce give the seer his members to compose,
And wait the soft return of balmy sleep,
When with loud noise in rush'd th' impetuous youth,
And to the ancient god the chains apply'd.

He,

He, not unmindful of his various arts,
In shapes diverse, with matchless skill, transforms
Amazing figures! every word finds form!
One while he blazes in terrific flames,
Then grins an horrid beast, uncouth and wild;
Or flowing, glides along, a liquid stream!
But when he found his dire evasions vain,
He to himself returns, and Proteus stood confest;
And thus, at length, in human accents spoke.

Oh thou most daring of illustrious youths!
Who bade thee penetrate this our abode?
Or what henceforth demandest thou of me?
He said; and thus the swain.—Thou Proteus know'st,
Even thou thyself alone, nor can the best
Of mortals thee deceive; but cease, I pray,
Thy suppliant to deride. Learn then, by heaven
Commission'd, here we come, thee to consult;
The sacred oracle, from whence I hope
To learn my late misfortunes to repair.
To him, the prophet, vers'd in fate, reply'd,
His ardent eye-balls rolling flash'd with light;
Convuls'd with wrath, he grinds his gnashing teeth,
And thus disclos'd the mysteries of fate.

The vengeance of no trifling god pursues,
And you for crimes fit retribution feel;

For

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For thee hath hapleſs Orpheus this procur'd,
Theſe woes, by no means equal to thy guilt,
Unleſs the fates reſiſt; and ſtill he raves
For his lov'd conſort loſt; but ſhe, poor girl,
While with mad ſpeed and headlong rage impell'd,
Through brooks ſhe fled thee, never ſaw the huge
Terrific ſerpent in the graſs conceal'd.

But all her ſiſter dryads fill'd the rocks
Supreme, with clamours; and the lofty clifts
Of Rhodopè could weep; the ſummit vaſt
Of high Pangæa, with the martial realms
Of Rheſus, and Getæan frigid ſhores,
Hebrus and Attic Orithya mourn'd.
Orpheus himſelf, on the melodious ſhell
Play'd mournful ſtrains of love to ſolace woe;
Alone, beſide the murmuring deep he ſat,
His beauteous wife belov'd, the laſting theme.
When day firſt roſe, or when the light declin'd,
She was th' eternal ſubject of his ſong.
Ent'ring the diſmal dark Tœnarian jaws,
The gates profound of Hell's infernal realms,
And the denſe grove that ſheds perpetual gloom,
Down to the flitting ſhades the bard deſcends,
And ſees fell Pluto's dire tremendous throne,
Where hearts, at human prayrs unwont to yield,

Preſide. Lo! by the melody divine
Of heavenly numbers, from the ſeats profound
Of Erebus, the ſlender ſhadows light,
And figures void of ſubſtance, rais'd their forms,
And round the poet throng'd; as when the night,
Or wint'ry ſhowers of rain, from barren rocks
Into the ſhelt'ring woods, a train immenſe
Of birds hath driven. Thus near the bard were ſeen
Matrons and men, join'd with the breathleſs ſhades
Of martial heroes and unbearded boys,
And virgins chaſte, or youths before the eyes
Of their ſad parents, on the pile conſum'd;
Whom the black waves and ghaſtly reeds deform'd,
On fell Cocytus' dreadful banks, detain'd;
Or whom the nine circumvolutions bound
Of gloomy Styx' innavigable waves,
The dark abodes of Tartarus profound.
The horrid furies with dire ſnakes entwin'd,
Amaz'd, in raptures, heard the charming ſong.
Rough Cerberus repreſs'd his treble mouths,
And the rotation of Ixion's wheel
Forgot to move. Through every danger paſs'd,
With his fair conſort (he had verg'd on light)
Following behind; for Proſerpine herſelf
Had thus agreed, and ratify'd the law;
When lo! a ſudden frenzy ſeiz'd his mind

With

With love incautious; but to pardon due,
If gods infernal know but to forgive.
He ſtood, and now juſt on the verge of day,
Impatient, and unmindful, but look'd back
On her, Eurydice, his ſpouſe reſtor'd.
Then, vain were all his labours perilous,
And the compact with hell's grim tyrant broke.

Thrice, thro' the black Avernian lake, thro' all,
A diſmal groan with rending noiſe was heard,
And thus ſhe ſpoke:—What god hath me undone?
Me, miſerable; and thee, Oh Orpheus! ſay
What rage ſo great? Lo! cruel fate recalls,
And ſlumber ſhuts thoſe ſwimming eyes in death,
Eternally adieu; in darkneſs wrapt
Am I withdrawn; and ſtretching forth mine hands,
Thoſe feeble hands!—Ah me!—no longer thine,
She ſaid; and ſudden vaniſh'd from his ſight,
Like ſmoke diſſolving into ſlender air.
No more ſhe ſaw her Orpheus; now in vain
Purſuing ſhades, or phantoms void of life.
The ſurly pilot of th'infernal realms
Prohibits all acceſs; denies to waft
Him o'er the dreary intervening gulph.
What could he do? where ſhould he fly? when now
His ſpouſe below'd, a ſecond time was gone.

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With what complaints? what unavailing tears
Could he the powers inexorable move?
She, cold as death, had paſs'd the Stygian waves,
Wafted acroſs in that infernal barge.

Some ſay, for ſeven revolving months he mourn'd
Beneath a lofty rock, on Strymon's banks;
And in damp caves, remote from light, revolv'd
His labours paſs'd, and mov'd the ſullen oaks
With gentle ſongs, and horrid tygers ſooth'd.
Thus Philomel, beneath the grateful ſhade
Of poplars round, bemoans her young ones loſt,
Whom, the ſtern plough-boy from the well-wrought neſt,
Unfledg'd, has ſtol'n, and borne at diſtance far:
She, through the night complains in doleful notes,
Or, on ſome bough prolongs the ſtrains of woe.
Nor love, nor pleaſing Hymeneal rites
Could change the ſolemn tenor of his mind;
Alone, he durſt the northern ice explore,
And frozen banks of ſnowy Tanais tread;
Or wander'd over fields, and dreary realms
For ever bound in Adamantine chains,
Complaining loud, for fair Euridice,
And uſeleſs preſents of infernal Dis;
For which neglected nuptial bonds deſpis'd,

Ciconian

Ciconian matrons in the rites divine,
And orgies nightly of great Bacchus, tore
And scatter'd Orpheus' limbs around the fields.
Then also, when Oeagrian Hebrus brought,
Rolling into the middle of the tide,
His head, torn bleeding from his ivory neck,
With fault'ring voice his clay-cold tongue pronounc'd
Oh! sad Euridice!—his soul in flight,
Euridice! were the last accents of the dying man,
Along the river's banks her name resounds.

Thus Proteus said, then plung'd into the deep,
And o'er his head the foaming billows tos'd.
Not so Cyrenè: thus the nymph address'd
The trembling youth:—Oh son! it thee behoves
Far to remove the dire effects of woe,
And ease your mind of every painful care.

Behold the origin of all disease;
Hence, the sad nymphs with whom Euridice
Was wont to join in choirs in lofty groves,
Have sent this fell destruction to your bees.
Do thou, a suppliant, sacrifice and crave
Their gracious pardon; reverence the nymphs,
Napææ placid, sylvan spirits mild;
For they, by vows are easily appeas'd.

But first, your duty and the rites divine
In order I'll relate. Choose four young bulls,
Renown'd for beauty and superior strength,
Which now on green Lycæus' summits graze;
And just as many heifers, whose soft necks,
Untouch'd, ne'er felt the yoke's impressive weight.
For these choice victims, just four altars raise
At the high temples of the goddesses;
Then from their throats draw forth the sacred blood,
And in the leafy grove their bodies leave.
But, when Aurora's rosy fingers streak
The ruddy orient, on the ninth bright morn,
Lethæan poppies offer to the bard.
With a slain calf, Euridice appease;
A black ewe sacrifice, and seek the grove.

The swain obeys, and executes the will
Of his bright parent; then approach'd the fane,
And built the altars as before ordain'd.
Four chosen bulls of most surprising form
He thither led; and heifers never yok'd;
Then when Aurora brought the ninth bright morn
To Orpheus sacrific'd, and sought the grove.

But here a sudden prodigy they saw;
Strange to relate! amid the putrid paunch,

And

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And in the carcaſe bees began to hum,
Or from the ribs in ſwarming numbers pour;
Then on the bending ſummit of a tree
Hang down in cluſters, thick as rip'ning grapes.

Tranſlated Æt. 15.

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An Excurſion to Cockthorp, near Witney, in Oxford-ſhire, the Seat of Maximilian Weſtern Eſq. on the 3d of September, 1769.

AWHILE from ſtudies more ſevere I reſt,
And themes leſs labour'd form within my breaſt.
Awake, oh muſe! and in harmonious rhyme
Deſcriptive paint with pleaſure well ſpent time.

'Twas when the ſun from Virgo's radiant ſign
Cool'd Leo's heat with temper'ment benign,
And autumn uſhering in his milder reign,
Invites our haunt'ring feet to tread the plain,
Juſt then a gloom o'ercaſt the hemiſphere
A lazy ſtillneſs bound the ſtagnate air,
But ſoon the ſtorm divides, the clouds were driv'n,
Diſpers'd, and ſcatter'd round the vault of Heav'n.

And now ſucceſſive, all reſolv'd, proceed,
With leiſure pleas'd, impell'd with decent ſpeed,
When inſtant, willing to evade the town,
Southward we bend and held our journey known.
And now diverted o'er the fields we ſtray,
While ſocial converſe wing'd the time away,
Behold the ſpot* where our unletter'd youth,
Are taught the ſacred principles of truth;

There

* The Free School.

There classic learning forms the vacant mind
To act the part in life by heaven design'd,
With dignity to think, by taste refin'd.
Then Mulsoe's pleasant seat attracts our eyes,
Where grateful shades and flow'ry arbours rise;
Adorn'd by art, the lovely gardens shine,
With gay luxuriance fraught and just design.
Hail calm recess! where ev'ry scene sublime,
In silent language proves the pow'r of time.
Pleas'd let me wander in thy peaceful grove,
Or 'mid thy labyrinth, deep musing rove,
Traverse yon winding walks, yon allies green,
Or drink thy purling waters, smooth and sheen.

That seat we pass'd, when in extensive view
The fragrant fields our drooping thoughts renew.
Say, can discourse to tongues loquacious fail,
When or the flow'ry mount, or grass-grown vale
Rouse all the soul to thought; when nature glows,
And through the mind soft verse spontaneous flows?

Thus fly the jovial hours; when now serene
The purling spring of Sloth divides the scene;
This limpid stream, if ancient fame be true,
From Lawrence Pool above, its fountain drew,

As

As down the gradual steep, gentle and long,
Beside the Park-House these fair waters flow.

Hail sacred stream! how oft have I alone
Thy verdant banks with flowers and leaves bestrown,
Or musing pensive, in thy neighbouring shade
Beside you mildly-pleasing channel stray'd,
While guileful twigs around the sedge were thrown
In hope I claim'd each passing bird mine own,
And watchful wait th' event; such was my joy.
So pleas'd is youth, so anxious to destroy.
But now no more with such designs we come,
In peace serene around thy vales I roam,
Or mount thy terrace banks: secure, ye fair,
Ye small harmonious tenants of the air,
Those cool recesses haunt, these hours are safe,
Those playful frolics shall no longer last.
Yet give me oft, when Sol's refulgent rays
Wrap ether round in noon's superior blaze,
And the parch'd earth divides—Oh give me then,
Lost to the world, far from the track of men,
Or guilty towns, debauch'd, and wallow'd in sin,
To meditate beside thy murmuring spring,
A shady, cool recess; fly every gloom
While rural flowers my sacred haunts perfume,

This

This argent stream we cross, and sharp ascend,
For Cockthorp destin'd, mount the adverse hill;
At length th' opposing green ascent we gain'd,
Nor by the spring, nor by the hill detain'd.
Then, where the Lanket with capacious sweep,
Extended length! o'erhangs the late climb'd steep,
We cut direct across; this left behind,
A rough impervious lane our view confin'd.
But lo! not far, resplendant tow'rds the right,
Neat Burwell's farm attracts the wond'ring sight.
Hail, once frequented well! our grand-sire's joy,
E're tea had learnt the nations to destroy!
How then were thy soft trickling waters fam'd!
In every street and neighbouring borough nam'd;
Then sylvan fawns and smiling nymphs were seen
Frisking beside thy fountain, clear and sheen.
From many a village, many an hamlet round,
And gayly smiling farm, thy praises sound.
In jovial bands divide the rustic train,
And oft in mirth, thy limpid azure drain;
The rural jest and rural talk the while
Vacation's momentary hours beguile.
Such were the joys our great fore-fathers knew,
O'er them Content her heavenly vestment threw,
Pleas'd with the bare necessaries of life,
They scap'd the pangs of foul domestic strife;

Peace

Peace warm'd their hearts; they cherish'd mutual love,
The shining virtue of the saints above.
Thus happy liv'd mankind in days of old,
Before the times of base degenerate gold;
E're sparkling gems the lover's eye could blind,
And shining wealth deceiv'd the conscious mind;
Not then, as now, on riches most intent,
They sought the arts of pleasing to invent;
Falsehood was scorn'd; their proffer'd love was true;
No flame, but just affection's flame, they knew.
'Twas unison of mind, and manners ty'd,
One emanation then the soul ally'd.
But cease, my muse! these wand'ring thoughts refrain;
Those just reflections bring remorse and pain
To this degenerate age; our theme pursue,
The narrative in slender verse renew.

Here slowly we proceed; at length from far
The noise of children reach'd the list'ning ear,
And Ducklington's square tower ascends in air.
Hard by the road, and skreen'd by folding trees,
An ancient mansion* now the trav'ller sees.
Its former lord once train'd a loyal band,
When fell rebellion rous'd his native land†.

Around

* The seat of G. Davis, Esq.

† In the year 1745.

Around the field the peaceful village ſwarms,
And grateful leiſure every boſom warms;
Reſplendent tribes juſt then had left the church,
While others ſocial croud about the porch;
This was the town's employ: when now behold
Sage Pinwell's gardens their delights unfold;
Awhile at them in ſhort ſuſpenſe we gaze,
When lo! refreſhing roſe the weſtern breeze,
The breaking gloom divides, the ſun ſhone forth,
But livid clouds obſcur'd the hazy north;
There pondrous, deep, they hung; we all proceed,
And earneſt yet, purſue our courſe decreed.

At length not undeſir'd, an humble dome,
Some honeſt peaſant's poor, ſequeſter'd home,
A wiſh'd retreat prepar'd; there charm'd with reſt,
At eaſe we ſit, to take a ſhort repaſt;
When limping Senex, his oak-table ſpread,
And pil'd his rough hewn board with wholeſome bread.
Now in his hand the ſparkling goblet ſhone,
We cut the bread, and hungry feed thereon;
Toſs'd to and fro, the reeling loaf went round,
And ſeaſon'd cheeſe was rais'd from off the ground;
The pleaſing walk had made our ſtomachs keen;
We fed like pilgrims, ſuch in gait and mien;

And

And now progreſſive moves the mantling bowl,
And ſmiling liquor ſlakes each thirſty ſoul.
Our preſent wants ſupply'd, our ſtrength reſtor'd,
We chearful quit that hoſpitable board,
Nor far had paſs'd, when o'er the fields we ſpy
A ſtrong-built lodge raiſe its ſquare ſides on high;
Strange to relate! juſt in the centre plann'd,
A chimney, like an artichoke, did ſtand.
Surpriz'd, we mark the wonder, rare and new,
When lo! at hand, in one continued view
Th' expected ſeat appear'd; ſunk were our fears,
And riſing joy in every face appears;
Our ſpeed encreas'd; we every thought employ,
Pleas'd to behold the verdant park ſo nigh;
Its opening beauties roſe upon our ſight,
And charm'd each panting ſoul with freſh delight.
Intent we move, till ſome broad ſummit gain'd;
Then, not till then, our penſive thoughts reclin'd.
Beſide a quarry plac'd, rugged and ſteep,
Where various flow'rs o'erhung the ſubject deep,
With toil fatigu'd, indulging eaſe, we ſat,
And paſs'd the time in inoffenſive chat;
From theme to theme our tongues loquacious rove,
As clear ideas every linguiſt move.
And now the ſhells of rigid nuts we break,
Or in the fractur'd maſs the kernel ſeek,

While

While diſtant landſcapes form our minds ſerene,
And every breaſt expanding hail'd the ſcene,
Here groves ramiferous penſive thoughts excite,
There tufted ſhrubs the wond'ring eye delight.

Harcourt, in courts and ſcenes of grandeur bred,
While Britain's weal employ'd his ſapient head,
Oft choſe amid this park a calm retreat,
Far from the toils of buſineſs and of ſtate.

Lo! to the right, between the rocks, admire
Where Berkſhire's azure hills to heaven aſpire,
And ſeem to meet the clouds: but nearer view
Where gliding Windruſh, of cærulean hue,
Deterſive ſtream! ſwift rolling o'er the plains,
Amid its waves receives the ſporting ſwains,
While on the banks adverſe, in harmleſs play
Gay nymphs and ſhepherds ſpend the live-long day.
Or if you pleaſe, explore th' irriguous vale,
Where ruddy Galatea fills her pail,
While hills and vales, and each reſponſive ſhade
By her ſoft tuneful voice are vocal made;
As on her arm the pail ſhe bears along,
The diſtant groves repeat her varying ſong.

See how the vallies glow! the woodlands ſmile,
The mead looks gay, the ſwain forgets his toil.

But

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But whence this new delight? how chang'd the ſcene!
Not yon receſs* could faithful lover's ſkreen
From death's rapacious hand; blue lightning dire,
Baleful and drear! juſt heaven's avenging fire!
Thoſe deſtin'd lovers ſtruck. Come then, oh muſe!
Nor here your aid ye tuneful nine refuſe,
While I attempt thoſe ſecrets to explore,
And chant a theme my muſe ne'er touch'd before.
Tradition ſure is vague; my mind would fain
That dark oblivious tale to this late age explain.

Damon and Celia were an hapleſs pair,
They mutual lov'd, and mutual was their care;
What time the new mown graſs o'erſpreads the fields,
And full-grown ſpring its fragrant bloſſom yields,
The ruſtic train their bended ſcythes prepare,
And with the morning to their taſks repair;
The meads were fill'd with virgins blithe and gay,
While curving roſe the glorious lamp of day,
His genial beams the opening flow'rs expand,
And matchleſs beauty clothes the ſmiling land.
Lo! azure rocks th' extenſive proſpect bound,
And all the bright horizon glow'd around;

One

* Near this ſpot two lovers were ſtruck dead by lightning, many years before this Poem was written.

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One fulgent luſtre deck'd the charming ſcene,
And not a cloud obſcur'd the blue ſerene;
Such was that hapleſs morn ſublime and fair,
A gentle breeze juſt mov'd the ambient air.
But lo! a direful change! thick clouds ariſe,
A lurid gloom obſcur'd the ſick'ning ſkies;
Clouds pil'd on clouds, in livid heaps condenſe:
Awhile the ether waits in ſhort ſuſpenſe;
By cloſe attrition the ſharp lightnings form,
And baleful flaſhes burſt from every ſtorm
O'er all the ſpace of heaven; the noxious glare
Hangs on the ground, and taints the ſtagnate air;
Then repercuſſive from ſome opening cloud
The deep-mouth'd thunder, awful, near, and loud,
The vaſt expanſion rends; amaz'd, and ſtruck,
Bewildered Celia, Damon thus beſpoke.

Say where, my love! unaided can we fly?
Where refuge find? relentleſs death is nigh,
And all the world no more. She fainting ſaid,
Then penſive ſunk to earth the drooping maid,
Beneath an hay-cock's ample, verdant ſhade.
The youth officious, claſp'd her in his arms,
And fondly gazing on ſuperior charms,
Thus ſooth'd her preſcient mind:—Be ſtill my fair!
Sure, ruthleſs lightning ſuch a form would ſpare,

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Nor ſinge thoſe waving locks, nor blaſt thoſe azure eyes
Which g'aw ſcintillant, like the ſtar rob'd ſkies.
Sweet innocence adorns that matchleſs face,
Serene complacence, and ſuperior grace!

Scarce ſpoke the youth, when o'er their guiltleſs heads,
A fierce vindictive flame remorſeleſs ſpreads;
Direct the ſhafted light'ning ſmote—'tis done—
Their graceful forms were chang'd to ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Inanimated clay—a blacken'd corſe!—
She, who but late, with beauty's matchleſs force
The coldeſt boſom warm'd, ſee how deprels'd
The man, who late the ſons of men ſurpaſs'd
In the high bloom of ſtrength! how chang'd the ſcene,
The full grown ſtature, and the godlike mien!
His was the luſtre of the riſing ſun,
And her's, the radiance of the meek eyed moon.

Thus far, I deviate from my firſt deſign,
And break our juſt narration's op'ning line,
But now the mind returns, and quits thoſe fields.
With all the pain that ſad reflection yields.
The muſe, more willing, would deſcribe the ſcene
Where verdant Windruſh, gentle and ſerene,

Beneath

Beneath a square built tow'r obstructed roars,
And quits with peaceful waves those fertile shores.
Here, fir'd with novelty, we try the door,
The door was shut; the key-hole all explore
In search of fresh delight; then pleas'd we saw,
'Mid various works, the foaming Windrush flow.
And now the muse assumes a distant theme,
To trace the source of that prolific stream,
And whence the river draws its ancient name.

A small meandring spring, purling and clear,
Near to its gelid fountain must appear;
Not far, unnam'd, those limpid waters run
In labyrinthal maze; a pleasant town
They soon salute; and claim it for their own;
Thence Windrush call the place, the river's name,
A seat benign, and not unknown to fame.

This village left, fair Barrington it laves,
And rolls tow'rds Burford with augmented waves;
This reach'd, implor'd the rapid Windrush roars
Beneath a strong built bridge, and foaming scours
The shining soil beneath. Tradition there,
And vulgar error raise inglorious fear,
A slavish strange dismay! lest heaven's superior will
Should drain the source or bid the stream stand still.

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Then Tanfield's ghoſt* would range the neighbouring plains,
Break down the walls, and drive with looſen'd reins
His rampant ſteeds of fire and flaming car
Through the light regions of elaſtic air,
And ſtrike incumbent terrors all around,
Singe the brown corn, and ſhake the ſolid ground.
Such are the fables ghaſtly tremor feigns,
And ſuch the ghoſts which torture ſhallow brains.

Meand'ring Windruſh in its courſe proceeds
Through various fields and ample graſſy meads,
When Minſter Lovel, with its ancient fane,
Plac'd in a green delightful flow'ry plain,
Beholds it roll towards Witney's trading town,
A far-fam'd borough, for its blankets known,
And warm, coarſe thick napt rugs; nor here delay
The cleanſing waters; on their downward way
They rapid paſs; through Ducklington they roll,
And water Cockthorp's fair enamouring ſoil,
Till where majeſtic Thames Oxonia laves,
And at New-Bridge unite the kindred waves;
The Windruſh there forgets its ancient name
And pays a tribute to the glorious Thame.

*Alluding to an old ſtory, well known in that neighbourhood.

But

But now returning whence our walk begun,
We left the park, and ſpeed towards the town,
Whoſe lofty ſpire attracts our ranging ſight,
As o'er the place the church diſplays its height.
By limping Senex homely cottage paſs'd,
We pauſe awhile, and then proceed with haſte;
But lo! behind the houſe, an orchard ſmiles,
Profuſe in fruit, and apples ſpread their wiles;
We longing view the ſweet forbidden fruit,
And piming want could fain prefer a ſuit
To eaſe the bending boughs; for o'er the road
The trees incumbent ſpread their tempting load.

Now Lawrence' Garden paſs'd, a lane we trace,
A rough, obſcure, and winding, craggy place;
Juſt then, bright hov'ring o'er the cloud-bank'd weſt,
Refulgent Phœbus half his orb immers'd
In ocean's liquid plains; when lo! at hand
In ſhort ſuſpence at Lanket's ſtile we ſtand;
A ſtony paſſage round the the lane we take,
Far from our courſe direct, a path we ſeek
From danger free; but lo! with toil replete
Hard was the road, and worn our ling'ring feet.

And now the radiance of the day was gone,
Thick gloomy clouds obſcur'd the ſetting ſun.

Not

Not far we move; dusk, and more dusk it grew,
Till hollow twilight shut the world from view.

Well pleas'd we reach'd the house from whence we came,
Here droops the muse, and here I close my theme.

Verses written after seeing the Gardens of Park Place, near Henley, in Oxfordshire, September 3, 1773.

WE all agreed the night before
Thoſe ſpacious gardens to explore,
The ſeat of CONWAY; in whoſe mind
Shines wiſdom, valour, taſte refin'd.

The morning came, the ſun ſhone bright,
And far expell'd the ſhades of night;
We took a ſhort repaſt, and then
Set out before the clock ſtruck ten;
Soon paſs'd the bridge, and at the ſtile,
For company we ſtaid awhile;
Arriv'd, our journey we purſu'd
Along the field, the way was good;
Then up a winding paſſage went,
And gain'd at length the hill's aſcent.
The Gen'rals houſe appear'd in ſight;
We ſteer'd our courſe towards the right.
For entrance at the gate we ſued,
Admittance gain'd, our walk renew'd.

The

The proſpect pleas'd, we praiſe the ſcene,
A charming landſcape, rob'd in green!
Here graceful art with nature join'd
At once to captivate the mind.
Mark where the ſhining laurel ſpreads,
And firs exalt their ſpiry heads.
Lo! many a tree from foreign lands
In this ſublime encloſure ſtands.
Here let the ſage delight to rove,
And meditate on things above.
At length, deſcending thence, we view'd
A cavern, where a zebra ſtood.
This ſeen, behold a devious walk
Cut through a hill compos'd of chalk;
We enter'd, lo! a feeble light
Juſt ſhew'd a path; ſoon fail'd our ſight.
Now through the gloomy ſhade we trace
The various wonders of the place;
No noiſe was heard, no ſpectres ſeen,
But all was placid and ſerene;
Advancing onward, near the end,
We ſaw the rays of light deſcend;
Then haſt'ning to the cavern's mouth
We all were glad to iſſue forth;
Here down on plain white ſeats we ſat,
And ſpent ſometime in pleaſing chat.

The

The works of art on either side
To imitate rude nature vied.
There falling ruins, darkly shade,
You'd think, perhaps, by time decay'd;
Soon, by our guide conducted thence,
Behold a work of wild expence!
A large and beauteous garden found
With walls of brick encompass'd round.
We praise the walks, the scene was new,
Here fragrant flowers promiscuous grew;
There coxcombs, in vermilion dress'd,
By all admir'd, excell'd the rest;
A fish pond then, of moderate size,
One of the company espies;
The finny tribe which here resort
Are like wise of a curious sort,
Of gold and silver, crimson dye,
Their striking beauties charm the eye.

Then from the hill descending flew,
In quest of novelty we go.
Beyond an arch, a cottage found,
With various paintings hung around,
And furniture antique, renown'd.
Nor can the muse unheeded pass
The curious figures on the glass;

Inquisitive

Inquisitive, our eyes explore
The level surface of the shore,
A view, beyond description, grand,
The window of the room commanding.
Majestic, deep, the river flows,
There farms and rural hamlets rose;
See fields with yellow harvest crown'd,
Delightful prospect! waving round.
Hark! warbling songsters here resort,
While lambkins round the meadows sport.
Reluctant, this sweet spot we quit,
Nor longer stay the hours admit.
Then to Thamesis' banks we came,
And stood awhile to view the stream;
Now gently up the mountain climb,
For conversation pass'd the time.
Then on a verdant terrass, lo!
We walk'd, perhaps a mile or so;
'Twas very warm, the sun shone clear,
Behold a shady grotto near,
Thither repairing, down we sat
On seats of stone, o'erspread with matt.
The wood-crown'd hills in prospect rise,
And flowers toss odours round the skies.
Below, and wafted in the air,
The sound of water soothes the ear.

Its

Its foaming surface we beheld,
Indignant o'er the barrier roll'd.
The scene was fine, by all confess'd,
So having rested awhile to rest,
We journey'd on a moderate pace,
And reach'd the confines of the place;
Then down the hill we soon explore
The chalky path we trod before.

Reflections on reading the following Lines.

——Avertens roſea cervice refulſit,
Ambroſiæque comæ, divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea.——
Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.——
Quid juvenis, magnum cui verſat in oſſibus ignem
Durus amor?——

Virgil.

MAY then imagination paint the fair
When firſt in ſpring they breathe the vernal air;
Led by the gracious nature to ſurvey,
The lovely maiden, chearful, boon, and gay
Walks ſmiling forth, or penſive haunts the grove,
A charming victim to the power of love!
Her graceful neck, and waving treſſes ſhine,
The pleaſing form diſplays an air divine,
Stately her port, and goddeſs-like her mien!
More bright than rubies beam her modeſt eyes,
The ſeat of innocence, without diſguiſe.

She thus array'd, in form and manners bright,
If chance unguarded youth behold the ſight,
That very moment, verging to deſpair,
Pain thrills his heart, and fond officious care,

That

That inſtant views, with ardour turns to gaze,
O'ercome with beauty's penetrating blaze.
Then all his powers and poignant wit are vain,
Lock'd and confin'd in love's ſoft ſilken chain,
His mind revolves, his ready accents flow,
And all the flowers of rhetoric paint his woe.
With eloquence he ſtrives her heart to move,
Speaks as ſhe ſpeaks, and loves what ſhe would love.
With many a ſigh, and with engaging air,
He craves compaſſion and releaſe from care;
But let the virgin moſt of ſighs beware.
Sighs more than words o'er their ſoft hearts prevail,
Sighs may perſuade, when ſolid reaſons fail.
Such is the lover's plight; but if diſdain
Or high contempt augment his inward pain,
Anguiſh extreme! by contemplation drawn,
Soon as Aurora brings the orient dawn,
Replete with care he finds a diſtant grove,
Slave to the torturing agonies of love;
There, deep involv'd, beneath the claſping ſhade
His mind reflective paints th' obdurate maid,
Her air majeſtic, and each blooming grace
Sublimely pleaſing in Belinda's face.
The ſame in form the phantom ſeems to riſe,
To the fond object of his love he flies.

Now

Now to and fro, by anxious sorrow toss'd,
He mourns, he raves, in desperation lost;
No prospect pleases, and no fervour warms,
No solace comforts, and no beauty charms,
Or soothes his troubled mind; but she alone,
She lives in every word, and dies in every groan.
In rapturous style he celebrates her name,
Her name his subject for a poet's theme.
Trees on their bark the lov'd initials bear,
And yielding turfs the sweet impression share.
Yet the prime object haunts his roving mind,
In vain for ease beneath the shade reclin'd.
If nature tir'd, and by long labour press'd,
At length consign his weary limbs to rest,
Sure, fancy wakes, the soul ethereal lives,
And still the flame of hapless love survives.
Scenes croud on scenes, an airy vision given,
He seems on rocks, or shelves of ocean driven;
Expos'd to all the perils of the main,
Perpetual dangers, unremitted pain;
Past thoughts, and recent actions rise to view,
And future perils former woes renew;
In every dream his love perverse appears,
Her frowns he sees, and all her chidings hears,
Relentless, stern, and deaf, to all his pray'rs.

Such

Such are the imprudent, such the power of *Love*,
When *Reason* fails, inhabitant above!
Mean slaves to *Will* and *Passion* were mankind,
By *forms* deluded, and by *Fancy* blind,
Did not considerate *Reason* rise between,
To curb the soul, and keep the passions in.
By thy pure influence, through the vale of life,
From envy free, and every scene of strife,
Keep me secure. Oh! may I never rove;
Through time be thou my guard, my guide in *Love*;
Just, though not *rigid*,—*serious*, though not *sad*,
Warm, though not *ardent*,—*constant*, though not *mad*.

Æt. 19.

Such

Reflections

Reflections on the Beauties of Nature in the vernal Season.

A Theme as various as my verſe I ſing,
Reviving nature, and the charms of ſpring.
Forgive, ye ancient bards! to whom belong
The ſacred power and energy of ſong.
Your glorious works thro' time's vaſt round will ſhine,
But theſe muſhroom productions muſt decline.
Oh! cou'd I catch the ſoft harmous fire!
Would now the muſe that energy inſpire,
And warm my breaſt with that poetic rage,
Which glows in Thomſon's ever grateful page!

Victorious kings, and potentates of old,
Serene, have heard this rural ſtory told;
Renowned chiefs, whom conquer'd realms obey'd,
Have ſlighted courts, and ſought the ſolemn ſhade:
There oft alone, in ſolitude they dwelt,
Far from the frowns of envy and of guilt,
The great, the wiſe, the valiant, and the ſtrong,
The fair, the gay, the brilliant, and the young,
Have own'd the pleaſing harmony of ſong.

See how the ſpring its balmy bleſſing pours!
The days increaſe while through the gelid north
Deep

Deep-darting Phœbus wakes the latent ſtores,
And kind profuſion ſpreads its bounties forth.

Then firſt begins the op'ning leaf to ſhoot,
Its ſwelling bloſſom, round and fair, expands;
While more conceal'd, the ſweet delicious fruit
A longer day and warmer ſun demands.

Thus in progreſſion kindling nature grows,
And all around primeval goodneſs flows.
Lo! where, ſoft walking o'er the mellow ground,
The lib'ral farmer ſtrews his ſeeds around,

With meaſur'd ſtep the cautious ſwain proceeds,
Sedate and ſlow; till all his treaſures ſpent;
The ſun declin'd, to his low cot he ſpeeds,
With wholſome fare, and ſacred peace content.

And now, where ſmiling, all the plains are fill'd
With chearful lab'rers, muſing let me ſtray;
From harm ſecure, they ſeek the diſtant field,
And in the ground their genial treaſures lay.

With pointed ſtakes they plant the fragrant bean,
In juſt array and glorious order ſeen.
Through this prime ſeaſon oft deſtroying winds
Nip the young bud, and obvious death impends.

Corrosive frosts the expanding foliage chills,
Hardens the ground, and binds the silver streams;
Descending snow invests the bleak-blown hills,
Or clouds obstruct the sun's refreshing beams.

How glows the day! yon shining vault how fair!
Reviving herbage clothes the fields in green;
A pleasing fragrance fills the tepid air,
And joyful myriads hail the rising scene.

Hark! from the bowing hedge, melodious charms,
And nature's music rouse the list'ning soul;
Celestial ardour all my bosom warms,
And through my mind serene sensations roll.

Here let me strike the deep-resounding string,
And in the general choir harmonious join.
Oh! teach my varied verse, like your's, to flow
In all the moving melody of woe.

Or borne aloft, with energy divine
Trace every charm; or in immortal strains
Record the spot where transient glories shine,
The dancing vallies and the laughing plains.

You

Yon lovely prospect calls me to the field,
Mongst op'ning flowers and potent herbs to stray;
Where humble violets tranquil pleasures yield,
Or numerous cowslips saffron heads display.

Oh could these painted children of the sun
With sacred warmth inspire my languid song!
Behold how earth exults, creation smiles!
Replete with hope, the chearful farmer toils.

'Tis all delight abroad, where dailies blow,
And nameless flowers enrich the dented vale;
Or, on the banks where azure currents flow,
The bending blue-bell sips the purling rill.

Oh! for the shade with broad primroses dress'd,
Where shrubs of various hues attracts the sight;
These are the haunts where beauty mind's conceit,
And those the scenes which give incense delight.

The wild hedge blooms, the pungent brake looks gay,
In all the fragrant redolence of May;
Exhaustless bounty pours her blessings round,
One universal verdure clothes the ground.

Wholesome and fair, the living herbage grows,
Diversify'd with multitudes of flowrs;
The rugged thorn emits a sylvan rose,
And every lawn revives by vernal showrs.

Traverse the leaf-crown'd wood, or vallies green,
Where sacred wisdom from the world retires,
Or tranquil, on the banks of rivers sheen,
Mark genuine worth, and cherish pure desires.

The charms of nature animate the mind,
From autumn's gloom, and wintry blasts refin'd;
The turgid hills their chequer'd bosoms raise,
Expos'd to tempests, and the sun's bright rays,

While, like a fair unfolded volume, spread,
Their striking riches chear the ranging eye,
In all the pomp of colours pure array'd,
Far darting radiance, and superior joy.

How glows the scene! yon brilliant arch expands,
Celestial beauties pour upon my sight;
Th' enamouring steep for miles around commands,
Gay towns and hamlets smile with fresh delight.

In

In prospect large, ethereal splendors rise,
A scene of glory springs from all the skies:
Walk in yon finish'd garden, where, secure
From northern winds, and nipping frosts severe,

The culture'd flowers, in kind profusion bloom;
There studied order points to each its place,
From every bud ascends a sweet perfume,
And lively colours every flow'ret grace.

The snow-drop first, in shining vesture clad,
Contemns the storm and swift-descending rain,
From parent earth, scarce lifts her drooping head,
Then dying falls, transform'd to dust again.

The polyanthus next, of various dyes,
Leaps smiling forth, and instant death defies:
Obnoxious storms, and wintry terrors past,
The brilliant race of flowers expands at last.

The daffodil, in shining yellow dy'd,
Sweet-williams sparkling, and acanthus gay;
Anemonies with colours diversify'd,
And fragrant roses in superb array.

Auriculus

Auriculas, in mealy velvet dreſs'd,
And lilies, claim the ſoft deſcriptive muſe;
The towering tulip nods with pomp conſeſs'd,
And from his ſides ſtakes of the poliſh'd dews.

The broad ranunculas, and ſweet jeſſamine,
Serene jonquil, and curling eglantine,
A while to pleaſe, with tranſient luſtre ſhine.
Go penſive maidens! ſpend your fleeting hours
In flowry walks, and aromatic bow'rs.

'Tis your's with grace to prop the drooping roſe,
Support the weak, and rectify the ſtrong;
Tend every plant, mark how the nect'rine blows,
To your ſoft care the flow'ry tribes belong.
This be your taſk; while men to woods repair,
Serene to think, and breathe ſalubrious air.

Nor leſs the bluſhing orchard claims my lays,
When firſt with life, its fruits delightful ſpring;
Each blooming tree, a garland fair diſplays,
The grand veſtigia of ſupreme deſign.
Deep muſing, penſive, through the ſilent grove,
Free from the pangs of paſſion and of love.

In

'Tis

'Tis mine to walk, as soon as op'ning dawn
Calls forth the tuneful nations to the spray,
And the full chear of flocks inspires the lawn
With all the noisy turbulence of day.

But who can paint like nature? who explore
In softest notes, the harmony of spring?
Who equal Flora's universal dress?
And every glowing emanation sing?

See the succeeding train of pure delight,
The fair productions of eternal might!
In rapturous strains, on contemplation borne,
Give me to hail the kind refreshing morn;

From op'ning flowers to brush the pearly dew,
And as I tread the various chequer'd field,
Oh! let my wav'ring, drooping thoughts renew,
And every scene a calm composure yield.

Hark! how the soaring lark in warbling strains,
And artless music the lone champaign chears!
The black-bird shrill awakes the slumb'ring swains,
And every rude discordant voice repairs.

In

In concert full unite the feather'd tribe,
More copious far than numbers can deſcribe;
Now ſings the mellow bull-finch ſoft of note,
And the red linnet ſtrains his tuneful throat.

The warbling thruſh in louder accents, ſhrill,
From yonder hedge perfects the general choir;
The painted gold-finch opes his ſilver bill,
And glows with more intenſe harmonious fire.

With theſe, the rook and jay diſcordant join,
The chirping ſparrow and the raven hoarſe;
Nor leſs the chatt'ring pye attempts to ſing,
And through his throat ſome ill-join'd matter force.

But whence this general harmony divine?
Thoſe temperate breezes bland, and air benign?
Who bade the feather'd tribe with plumage gay,
Thoſe ſtrains melodious warble from the ſpray?

Shall man be ever anxious to deſtroy?
While all the woodlands ſwim in mirth and joy.
Mark yon fair ſpot, where from the flaming ſouth
The ſun invites the gay melliferous youth.

The

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The crowded hive inſpective dare explore
Where lab'ring thouſands, bath'd in fervour, toil,
Make and depoſit their ſalubrious ſtore,
The ſweet extraction of a flow'ry ſoil.

See how from ſhrub to ſhrub intent they fly,
And ſip the fragrant thyme, or roſes bloom;
Through all the live-long day the work they ply,
Surcharg'd with balm and redolent perfume.

Æt. 19.

THE END.

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